

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS



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SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1879.

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MADAME ROSE HERSEE.

RAILWAYS.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET STEEPLECHASES AND HURDLE RACES, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, 15th and 16th JANUARY, 1879.

On the above dates a SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave St. Pancras at 9.30 a.m., and Liverpool-street at 9.30 a.m., for NEWMARKET and KENNET; returning each day from Kennet at 4.30 p.m. and Newmarket at 4.50 p.m. The Course is situated within about half a mile of the Kennet Station and three and a half miles from Newmarket. London, January, 1879. S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEEK ENDING JANUARY 18th, 1879.

Monday, January 13th, Pantomime, ROBINSON CRUSOE. Hanlon Volts, Mr. Liston's Entertainment, MERRY MOMENTS, Mr. Evanion's Conjuring Entertainment. Instrumental Concerts.

Saturday, January 13th. Tuesday and Wednesday, January 14th and 15th. Annual Show of the Peristeric Society. Monday to Friday, admission to Palace, One Shilling Daily. Saturday Half-a-Crown, or by Season Ticket.

GREAT AND SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, surpasses all rival establishments.

Open at 11. Admission One Shilling. 11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmographic Views, the Performing Fleas, C. Naud's Gallery of Drawing, The Aquarium (finest in the world); The Articulating Telephone and Microphone; Toby, the Performing Pig; Barnard's Puppets.

MANATEE, the Mermaid, now on view, admission 6d.

2.30. Theatre. ALADDIN.

3.15. Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.

3.30. Zazel the marvellous.

7.30. Vocal and Instrumental Concert.

8.0. Theatre. ALADDIN.

8.30. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.

10.30. Zazel's second performance.

Dare Brothers, Tell and Tell, Verne and Boyton.

Boni-zoug-zoug Turks, Zoro, Martinetti Troupe, M. Witham, Paulo Troupe, Valjeans, Wonderland, and Zazel.

AQUARIUM PANTOMIME.—Great Success.—Powerful Company, superb Scenery, charming Music, pretty Faces, beautiful Dresses. The Morning Post says:—"It is decidedly the best ever given at the Aquarium."

The Observer says:—"Aladdin every afternoon at 2.30; every night at 8. It presents a succession of sparkling scenes, in which radiant costumes, splendid scenery, and vivacious acting combine to delight the spectator."

The Daily Telegraph says:—"The true, genuine, and unadulterated art of pantomime is shown in bright and clever colours. As to the Transformation Scene, the children's voices gave the best testimony to its worth."

The Daily News says:—"Welcomed with tokens of approval as spontaneous as the peals of laughter." The Standard says:—"The whole pantomime so admirably acted must be pronounced a decided success."

The Globe says:—"The most brilliant tableaux and effects being obtained."

The public say a capital pantomime, admirably acted with pretty faces, beautiful scenery; undoubtedly the successful pantomime of the year—Royal Aquarium. Every Evening at 8; Every Afternoon at 2.30. Book your seats to prevent disappointment.

BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

GRAND CARNIVAL. CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES. CHINESE AND JAPANESE FAIR.

Feast of Lanterns, Illuminated Fountains, special Musical Attractions. Commencing Xmas Eve. G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE, Westminster Bridge-road.

This magnificent Amphitheatre of "high-sounding fame" still holds its pre-eminence over all similar establishments; its superiority is unimpaired by any attempt that may have been made by any pretender to the first position of Equestrian and Zoological proprietorship. The reputation of this time-honoured and still flourishing Temple of Equestrian and Dramatic Art is now more universally acknowledged than at any previous period.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Look at the extraordinary Programme.—The complete and most successful Pantomime, CINDERELLA. The Great Spectacle, RICHARD III., realising the Battle of Bosworth Field, and Death of White Surrey. The noble steed is slain beneath his Royal Master, and the King on foot will fight—The Battle rages—The King is slain and Richmond Crowned upon the Battle-field. Grand tableau. Neither in England, the Continent, or America can the same high perfection of horse-training and brilliancy of spectacle be found. The Equestrian Department will on Monday receive its first change of programme since the opening night, when in addition to the numerous artistes, Miss Sanger, the subduer and trainer of unmanageable horses, the finest equestrienne in the profession, will make her appearance with the celebrated horse Highland Chieftain, trained and performed by this renowned lady. Look at the programme, commencing punctually at two, terminating at 5.15; evening at seven, terminating at 10.40. No intervals. Little Sandy, the Great Clown, will make those laugh who never laughed before.—Box-office open ten till four. Places may be secured at the principal libraries. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s. Children under ten half-price to all parts excepting amphitheatre, pit, and gallery.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street, Oxford-circus.—CHARLES HENGLER'S unrivalled ENTERTAINMENT.—SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS for the HOLIDAYS. The renowned Riders, Gymnasts, and Drollers of Clowns. Every day and evening at 2.30 and 7.30, a Brilliant Programme, including the Martial and Picturesque Spectacle, entitled BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE; or the Congress of Scotland's Warriors. Box Office open daily from 10 to 4. Proprietor, Mr. Charles Hengler.

MYERS' GREAT HIPPODROME, FROM PARIS, and the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, daily at THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

At 2.30 and 7.30. Lions, Elephants, Camels, 200 Horses and Ponies. Chariot races, Grand Parades, Horse show, Flat Races. Seats, 3s., 2s., and 1s.

HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.

The successful Holiday Programme will be continued nightly at 8, Mondays and Saturdays at 3 and 8. Hamilton's EXCURSIONS and GRAND PANSTEREORAMA of Passing Events, with superb and realistic scenes in Cyprus, England's Ironclad Fleet, the Victorious March of the British Troops through the Kyber Pass, Grand National and Patriotic Music by an efficient band, the O.I.C.M. Minstrels, the Afghan Warriors, and the Niggers Nick Pick. 6d. to 2s. Stalls, 3s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT. Pronounced by all the leading daily and weekly Papers to be THE BEST AND MOST DELIGHTFUL to be found amidst the whole round of London Amusements. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at 3 and 8. Prices of admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. No Fees.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Messrs. A. and S. GATTI. Every Evening at 7.30, the New Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled JACK AND THE BEANSTALK; or, Harlequin and the Seven Champions as We've Christened 'em. Written expressly for this Theatre by Mr. Frank W. Green. New and magnificent Scenery by Julian Hicks, Son, and assistants. The whole invented and produced by Charles Harris. Principal Artists: Miss Fannie Leslie, Miss Clara Jecks, Miss Katie Barry, and Miss Lizzie Coote. Mr. G. H. Macdermott, Mr. E. J. George, Mr. G. Vokes, Master C. Lauri, Mr. Tully Lewis, and Mr. Herbert Campbell; Mdle. Limido, premiere danseuse (from La Scala, Milan), supported by Mdle. Sidonie, Clown, Mr. Harry Payne.

MORNING PERFORMANCE. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday until further notice, commencing each day at 2 o'clock. Children under twelve admitted to Morning Performances at Half-price to all parts of the house on payment at the doors only. The only authorised Box-office under the portico open daily from 10 o'clock till 5 o'clock, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall. Prices of admission:—Private Boxes from £4 4s. to 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (Reserved), 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Pit, 2s. (for the first time at this theatre); and Gallery, 1s.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton. Every evening at 7.30, will be performed the Drury Lane Grand Comic Christmas Annual, by E. L. Blanchard, entitled CINDERELLA; or, HARLEQUIN AND THE FAIRY SLIPPER. The new and characteristic scenery by William Beverley. Characters in the opening by the celebrated Vokes Family, &c.; premiere danseuse, Mdle. Marie Gosselin. New song, "Cinderella," composed by Julia Woolfe. Double Harlequinade Fred Evans and Charles Lauri, Clowns. Madame Helena's Performing Dogs. Edwin Ball's Combination Bicycle Troupe, Performing Pigeons and Monkeys. Preceded at 7 by an original Farce, entitled HIS NOVICE. Mr. Edward Stirling, Stage Manager; Mr. James Guiver, Treasurer. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box office open from ten till five daily. Prices 6d. to £5 5s. "CINDERELLA" MORNING PERFORMANCES every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, to which Children and Schools Half-price to all parts, Upper Gallery excepted. Doors open at 1.30, commence at 2. Box-office open 10 to 5 daily.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

THE CRISIS, a new comedy in 4 acts, adapted by James Albery from Augier's LES FOURCHAMBAULT, the greatest success of the past Paris season. Characters by Mrs. John Wood, Misses Eastlake, M. Abington, and Miss Louise Mrodie. Messrs. Howe, Kelly, D. Fisher, jun.; Weathersby, Fielder, and W. Terriss. Every evening at 8.30, and every Saturday morning at 2.30. The comedy preceded every evening by a farce by Percy Fitzgerald, Esq., entitled THE HENWITCHERS.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET, EVERY EVENING, 7.30.

HAMLET, MR. HENRY IRVING.

OPELIA, MISS ELLEN TERRY.

HAMLET.—LYCEUM.—EVERY EVENING, 7.30.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—THE TWO ORPHANS, Every Evening at 7.30. Morning Performance of THE TWO ORPHANS, SATURDAY AFTERNOON Next, Jan. 11, at 1.45 (doors open at 1.15). Box plan open. No fees for booking.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Sole Manager and Proprietor, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON. Last 12 Nights of THE WEDDING MARCH. More screamingly funny than any Pantomime. Continued success of RETIRING; Miss Lydia Thompson and the entire company in both pieces. At 7.15, A HUSBAND IN COITON WOOL. At 7.45, the comedy drama RETIRING. At 9.30, Gilbert's celebrated comedy, THE WEDDING MARCH (last 12 nights). Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, W. J. Hill, J. G. Grahame, C. Steyne, and the entire strength of the Company. Seats can be secured in advance. Saturday, 25th January, a new Burlesque entitled "Carmen," or, Sold for a Song. Supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Lionel Brough, W. J. Hill, and full company. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

LAST WEEK BUT TWO OF THE LITTLE QUIRITI.

Last nights of Madame Angot, in which Opera the Great Little Comedian, Natali Vitulli has made such an extraordinary success, supported by the entire Juvenile Troupe. To be followed by a BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT. Morning Performances every Wednesday; and Saturday in January.

Saturday, 1st February, re-opening of the comedy season and production of an entirely new comedy, supported by Mr. Charles Wyndham and the entire company. Full particulars will be announced shortly.

CRITERION THEATRE.

WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MORNINGS, 15th and 18th January, the Little Quiriti Troupe will produce, for the first time, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Commencing at 2.30. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Proprietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Evening, at 7.45, PROOF. Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, C. Harcourt, L. Labache, H. Cooper, J. Johnstone. Mesdames Bandmann, A. Stirling, Billington, D. Drummond, K. Bentley, Kate Barry, and Bella Pateman. Preceded by TURN HIM OUT. Mr. J. P. Bernard. Conclude with SHRIMPS FOR TWO.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1,283rd

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A HIGHLAND FLING; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1,283rd and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Thorne, Flockton, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, Austin, and Hargreaves; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager.

Every Evening, punctually at 7.45, the celebrated comedy of A SCRAP OF PAPER. Principal characters by Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss C. Grahame, Miss Cowle; Mr. W. H. Kendal, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. W. Younge, Mr. Chevalier. At 10.15, the one-act play of A QUIET RUBBER. Mr. Hare, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Herbert; Miss M. Cathcart. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office hours 11 to 5. No fees for booking seats. Acting-Manager, Mr. Huy.

MORNING PERFORMANCE of A SCRAP OF PAPER, on SATURDAY, Jan. 18, at half-past 2. Seats can now be secured.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Great attractions for the holidays. Every evening, until further notice, at 7. ON AND OFF. Followed by HIS LAST LEGS. W. H. Vernon. After which THE BABY. Messrs. Loredon, Marius, H. Cox, E. Marshall H. Carter, F. Wyatt, L. R. Cade, H. Turner, &c.; Mesdames Lottie Venne, Violet Cameron, Maud Howard, G. Williams, G. La Feuillade, and the Ladies of the Chorus, &c. Doors open at 6.30.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.

Genuine success of Charles Reade's IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded by FAMILY JARS, at 7.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING Mesdames Emily Soldene, V. Granville, C. Vesey, Bertie and Constance Loseby; Messrs. Knight Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelliher, J. Dallas, C. Power, Mat Robson, F. Hall, and E. Righton. The Girards and M. Bruet and Mdle. Reviere, the celebrated Buff Duettists. Three Grand Ballets, arranged by M. Bertrand, ballets by M. G. Jacobi. Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30.—Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.

The Grand Pantomime, ROBIN HOOD; or, HARLEQUIN THE MERRIE MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST. Every evening at 7. Superb Spectacle, the Conquest of Cyprus by Richard 1st. MORNING PERFORMANCES, every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1. Children under 10 Half-price. No fees for booking.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen. SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

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THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS for next week will contain:—Ladies of the Hunting Field: No. I., the Empress of Austria—A Scene from the Pantomime at Sanger's Amphitheatre—Frozen Out—"Bother those Boys!"—Pencilings from the Pantomime at the Victoria Theatre—"After a Fast Forty Minutes," by J. Sturgess—The Christening, after a painting by Koemmerer—Sketches from the North—Wild-Fowl Shooting—Provincial Pantomimes—Scenes from the Princess's and Theatre Royal at Manchester—A Fight in the Jungle—A Family Party—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—Portrait of Mr. Charles Coote, &c.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening at 6.45, will be presented the Grand and Successful Pantomime, THE MAGIC MULE; OR, THE ASS'S SKIN AND THE PRINCESS TO WIN. Mrs. S. Lane, Mdles. Polly Randall, Summers, Luna, Ada Sidney, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer; Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis, Ricketts, Wilson, Reeve, Hyde, Tom Lovell. Concluding with A LEGEND OF WEHRENDORF. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Rhoys, Drayton, Towers; Mdles. Bellair, Adams, Brewer.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—Every Evening at 7 the new Pantomime, HOKEE POKEE, by G. Conquest and H. Spry. Splendid scenery by Mr. Soames and assistants. Music by Mr. Oscar H. Barrett. Characters by Mr. G. Conquest and Son, H. Parker, H. Nicholls, Syms, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Maude Stafford, Du Maurier, Victor, A. and L. Conquest, Inch, &c. Harlequinade by R. Inch, Clown; E. Vincent, Pantaloon; W. Ozmond, Harlequin; Miss Ozmond, Columbine; Sprites, the Bros. Monti. Morning Performances Mondays and Wednesdays, at 1.30.

THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

TRAFALGAR.

The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On Board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.

The Daily Telegraph says:—"Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits."

The Observer says:—"Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted."

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT during the Evening:

Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—The AFGHAN

WAR: Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan; our Envoy, Nawab Gholan Hussein Khan; a Group of the principal Indian Tributary Princes; Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India. An interesting Portrait Model of the late Princess Alice; the Berlin Congress Group; Plus IX. Lying in State as at St. Peter's; Peace, the Blackheath Burglar, &c.—Admission 1s.; extra rooms, 6d. Open from Ten a.m. till Ten p.m.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTER-TAINMENT. A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY, and A TRIP TO CAIRO, by Mr. Corney Grain; concluding with ENCHANTMENT, a musical fairy tale, by Arthur Law.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8.

During the holidays, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3.

Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR.

CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 148, Strand, London

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Tour terminated

at the THEATRE ROYAL, CORK, on December 14th, and (after a month's rest) will RE-COMMENCE in Scotland, on the 20th of January, 1879.—Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sundays, from 9 a.m. to sunset. Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. The Gallery of Drawings of Animals, by Wolf, is now open.

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Being without Sugar, Spice, or other admixture, it suits all palates, keeps better in all climates, and is four times the strength of Cocons thickened yet weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with boiling water, a teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than a half-penny. In tin packets at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c. By Chemists and Grocers.

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Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

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In Next Week's Issue we shall begin a series of Portraits of LADIES CELEBRATED IN THE HUNTING FIELD, with Notes. No. 1 will be H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

With Next Week's Number will also be PRESENTED, as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, a double-page Engraving, printed on fine plate paper, being a Portrait of

MR. HENRY IRVING

AS
HAMLET.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good—a fact more true than usual, and the north wind which has been blowing, and has caused so many reprehensible things to be said about the weather by hunting men, is not an exception. The foxes, it may safely be assumed, regard the frost as eminently seasonable, and look on "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" as utterly offensive and detestable; but many nobler beasts likewise benefit. After several weeks of an open season there are few studs which do not benefit more or less by an enforced rest, especially when such studs contain a proportion of young horses. Dick Christian declared that one of the best days he ever had was on a four-year-old; but all animals at the age will not stand even a moderate amount of regular hunting. I speak from sad experience. Last season I followed the descendants of Mr. Jorrock's original hounds on a very promising four-year-old colt. Being, like the hero of the popular ballad, "a careful man," the little horse was most carefully treated. Many times during the season after a weary morning spent up and down the Surrey hills, when at last we got away in the best part of the country—and round about Nutfield and Godstone, for instance, there is some good going—I reluctantly pulled up, thinking of next hunting day and of coming seasons. For the same reason, and for others which need not be recapitulated in detail—I like the above-mentioned song, and admire the sentiment—we did a very moderate amount of jumping. Towards the end of the season, however, my colt began to be rather stiff, and though it wore off early in the day, the first mile or two towards the meet usually inspired sentiments of anxiety within me. "Them stinking violets," as Leech's huntsman unromantically called them, and other signs of early summer, put a stop to hunting, and after a serious consultation, the colt was turned out with a touch of blister all round; but the stiffness has never worn off, and despite all my care last year, during the present season he has not had a day with the hounds, to which he seemed to take so kindly—too kindly, perhaps.

LONG runs are said to be destructive to dramatic art, and no doubt there is a certain amount of truth in the complaint. Even Mr. Irving—a true artist, whose heart is in his work, and who recognises his responsibilities—grew more and more "mannered" (I am not sure whether Professor Nichol would approve of the phrase) towards the end of the long run of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum; though I may parenthetically express a belief that what are as a rule accepted as his "mannerisms" are chiefly, if not entirely, the result of physical weakness. To come to a lower level, it will be interesting to note whether in Mr. David James's next character, whatever it may be and whenever it may be presented, there will not be more or less distinct traces of Middlewick. But, on the other hand, if pieces are not produced with the hope of a run, it is obviously impossible for managers to put them upon the stage with the elaboration and care which audiences now desire. The fact of there being such small opportunity for scenic display in *Caste* will no doubt save Mr. Bancroft a very handsome amount of money, for a three-act comedy requiring three rich "interiors" must cost a small fortune, as anybody with a just estimate of value and a turn for calculation may find out if he goes to see *A Scrap of Paper* at the Court. Upholstery and decoration are doubtless small matters compared with the interpretation of character, but audiences are attracted by the "dressing" of a piece, and, consequently, pieces must be richly and appropriately dressed. To mount a play for a short run with built-up scenes, tapestry, china, metal-work, and all the other accessories to be found at such houses as the Court, the Prince of Wales's, &c., is out of the question. Long runs, moreover, save a vast amount of trouble, &c., to say nothing of expense and of the risk of producing new pieces. Half-experienced playgoers believe that there is very little difficulty in estimating the chances of a piece; but those who have seen more of the game are aware that the result is, as a

rule, just about as doubtful as to guess what are trumps at a game of cards. Thus a manager who has a success is not likely—at any rate, before the millennium comes—to take it off the boards and produce a doubtful new piece for the sake of art; and it is tolerably certain that managers will always seek for plays that run, and let them run until they die out from inanition.

COMPLAINTS come from Brighton to the effect that people—and especially the right sort of people—do not winter there as they used to do, and as a cheerful bard advises in strong terms,—

If you've a thousand a day, or a minute;
If you're a D'Orsay, whom everyone follows;
If you've a head—it don't matter what's in it!—
Fair as Apollo's;
If you are fond of flirtations, good dinners,
Beautiful sea-scapes which merry winds whiten,
Sweet little saints, and still sweeter young sinners—
Winter at Brighton!

Thus I think his verses run, for I quote from memory. Of course these affairs are in a very great measure matters of fashion; and if authorities declare that it is not *comme il faut* to visit London-super-Mare, neither "beautiful sea-scapes which merry winds whiten," nor the gallops after those eager little harriers, nor less exciting but equally pleasant trots with the sweet little saints, or the sinners to which the bard improperly gives the preference, will beguile visitors to those shores. The advantages of Dr. Brighton, as Thackeray called the town, are so great, however—for it is *pace* Dame Fashion, if her ladyship will for once be persuaded easy to reach and pleasant when reached—that I do not think those who take in their fellow men, hotel landlords and lodging-house keepers, need ever despair of fairly remunerative seasons.

TO MISS ELLEN TERRY AS OPHELIA.

Not for a form instinct with rarest grace;
Not for those tones whose tenderness divine
Gives sweeter music e'en to Shakspeare's line;
Not for the passion breathing in thy face,
Whereon each swift emotion comes apace,
And leaves the answering tear-drop in our eyne;
Not for thy perfect gestures, where design
And impulses of nature interlace;
But for a mightier magic that would wake
With Orphic power the everlasting hills,
That changes as the wayward wind that fills
With sudden smile the melancholy lake,—
We crown thee o'er Ophelia's dirgeless sod;
And see in Art the benison of God.

H. SAVILE CLARKE, in the *Examiner*.

These are the days of commercial depression; but it would seem that the evil has not extended to the theatrical world. It is said that so much money has never been spent on pantomimes as during the present—or, to be accurate, the last—year of grace, both in London and in the provinces. Londoners are little aware of the splendours to be found on many country stages. A glance at Mr. Alfred Thompson's accounts would probably stagger many innocent persons who have small knowledge of theatrical affairs, and the sum spent every year on his pantomime by Mr. Edward Saker, of the Alexandra, Liverpool, would mount a good many London pieces with considerable gorgeousness. Covent Garden has "gone in" for scenery this year, and amounts expended before the curtain went up are variously calculated at from £8,000 to £10,000. Mr. Chatterton, at Drury Lane, thinks magnificence of less importance than fun, wherein I am inclined to agree with him, and rumour goes that if he chose he could produce his pantomime every year without drawing on his banking account; as the money paid before Boxing Night for seats at the national theatre is amply sufficient to discharge bills for scenery, dresses, properties, and general decorations. All the best seats, and, with very a few exceptions all the worst, were, it is said, booked up to the 8th or 9th of January before the curtain rose on the 26th of December. Those who sent for stalls at the Lyceum can form an estimate of the popularity of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry in *Hamlet* as now given; and Mr. Hollingshead found no difficulty in obtaining £10,000 for double-priced seats bought by those who have sufficient confidence in the future to make engagements for next June. So it is clear enough that, in spite of depression, some people have got some money left and are ready to spend it. That these are bitterly hard times for many of the poor is nevertheless sadly true, and I hope that those who are "in pleasant case" do not forget the extreme desirability of sending a small cheque—or a medium-sized one, 'as the case may be—to some of the parsons in the poorer districts. As a recipe for low spirits this is admirable.

If "Good company, good wine, good welcome can make good people," there are very many made good by those remarkably "good people," Messrs. Spiers and Pond. I with two others made a trio the other night, and dined together at the Criterion. As we entered the vestibule, we were debating in our minds as to whether we should go in for a private dinner *a la carte*, or take what was going at the *table d'hôte*. We decided upon the latter, and certainly did not regret it. In the first place, at the huge establishment in Piccadilly Circus, the visitor is received and conducted to a place by an attendant told off for the purpose, and thus the feeble journey round the room, scorned by waiters whose tables are full and enticed by those who have one uncomfortable place to fill—a proceeding so disagreeable at many restaurants—is avoided. For the small charge of three and sixpence, we certainly had a very excellent dinner, and seated at a small round table were soon as cheerful as ever were the knights who sat at the board presided over by King Arthur of blessed memory. The wines were excellent in quality and fair in price; though if any diner desires something special, he

can be supplied with, say, a bottle of Johannisberg Cabinet at 30s., or some of the Duke of York's port, bottled in 1798, in perfect preservation, and pronounced by competent authorities cheap at 42s. a bottle.

THERE is a little boy in San Francisco of super-Æsopian power, who is destined, according to his friends, to remodel and generally improve the style of fable by which we direct our daily conduct—if we do all that our nurses have expected of us—and who it is calculated would make Phœdrus "sit up" if he were round about those parts where the juvenile fabler dwells. The last recorded specimen deals with a lion, and what the little boy calls an "ephelant." The latter creature, meeting the lion one day and naturally observing his mane, says in a most rude and unprovoked way, "Why don't you go and have your hair cut?" to which vulgar attack the king of beasts contemptuously rejoins, "I shan't resent insults from a feller which carries his nose between his teeth." This is not altogether bad, though it would have been more agreeable to find that the lion could make an effective retort without following the "ephelant" into the region of vulgar personalities.

THE death of poor Montague, who was going to make a fortune in America, come back, settle down, and enjoy himself in England, has caused much regret on this side of the Atlantic, and, it seems, not a little disquietude on the other. For, if reports be true, some of the fairer portions of his audiences not only admired the young actor, but told him so in black and white; and when his sudden death was announced terrors lest compromising epistles should be found among his effects afflicted many blushing damsels: more blushing than usual under the circumstances. It is announced, however, that all cause for alarm on this ground is needless. Many fair maidens did, indeed, write to Montague; but, far from keeping their letters, he did not even read them. The first duty of his valet every evening was to burn all the affectionate missives that had come from unknown feminine correspondents, and one servant—possibly a distant descendant of the "low churl compact of thankless earth" who lived in Coventry some time ago—wanting to peep, was immediately dismissed. Love letters, full of burning ardour, ought to make a wonderfully vivid blaze.

UNJUSTIFIABLE exaggeration is a sort of half-way house towards deliberate falsehood, and it is almost impossible to place anything like implicit confidence in a story of Mr. Tom Taylor which is going the rounds of the American papers. Of course, no one who wanted to shame the devil would say that Mr. Tom Taylor was a wit or a humourist, unless, indeed, when some faint and fleeting colour is given to the idea by a preface to one of his "new and original" plays. But this story is too much. The chronicler protests that the editor of *Punch* was on board a ship in the Mediterranean when a heavy squall arose, and to save the vessel the Captain ordered passengers and crew to throw overboard the heaviest portions of the baggage and cargo. Several tons were heaved over accordingly, without making any appreciable difference, when a small desk containing the editor's copy for the next number of *Punch* happened to be sent into the sea. Immediately the vessel drew a foot and a half less water, and all danger was removed. This must surely be a rare fabrication. If the teller of the tale had said nine inches, or almost a foot, or if he had said the copy for the next two numbers, his story might have seemed reasonable; but—unless, indeed, there was an unusual quantity of "Essence of Parliament" in it—it is difficult to believe that so considerable a difference as a foot and a half could have been made by this lightning process.

In the old system of theatrical management one of the principle members of the company was the "apologist," and his occupation was no sinecure, either. He was required to be in full dress and in constant attendance, so that if anything went wrong he was ready on the instant to allay the disappointment of the audience with his "and we throw ourselves upon your clemency." His appearance on the stage was always the herald of some unwelcome tidings, but modern improvement with its revolutionising broom has swept away his occupation, and now we have what are technically called "understudies," ready instantly to take the place of any absent performer advertised in the bill. As the parties elected for "understudies" are competent artists, the playgoing public has no fear nowadays, except in the case of some "bright particular star," of disappointment, for, in spite of "sudden indisposition" or accident, the play proceeds upon the even tenor of its way without the help of the "apologist." This system is a great boon to lovers of the drama.

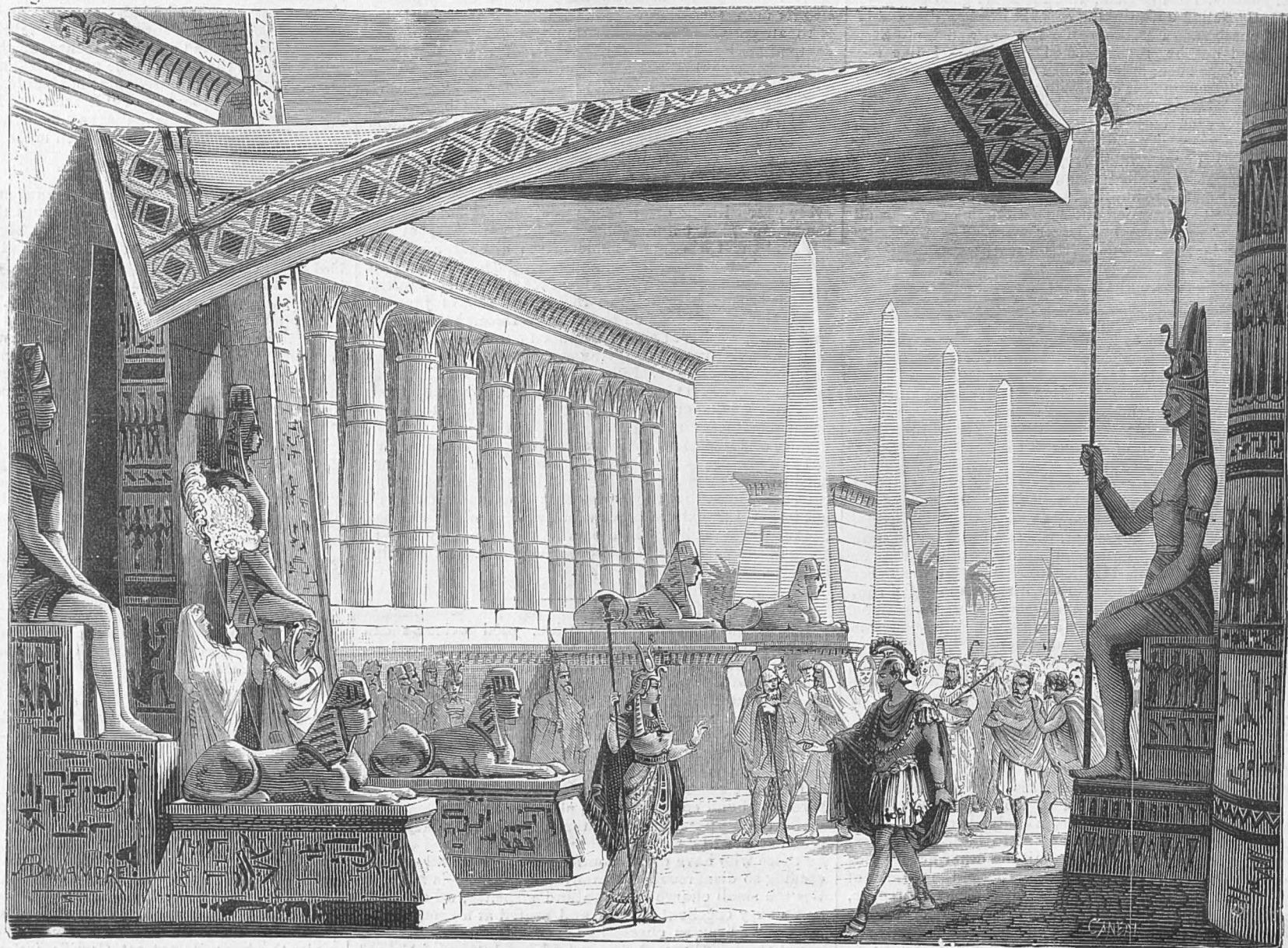
At one of the clubs the other night a certain artist was boasting of a generous act towards a fallen and sickly brother. "Ah!" said this ostentatious Samaritan, "I relieved his present wants by a subscription which I raised in the theatre; and, more than that, I sent him a bottle of port wine, and, poor fellow," added the generous donor, "he died whilst drinking it."

A CERTAIN John Bull actor was playing *Antigonus* in *The Winter's Tale* lately. One of those "d—d good-natured friends," always to be found in a theatre, told John, in confidence, that a paper had that day said of his (John's) performance, "that it was a good job the bear devoured him so early in the play." John gave his opinion strongly about critics generally and good-natured friends in particular. Happening to look over another paper, he read a notice of the same piece whilst in his dressing-room. All at once he jumped up. "Go and fetch So-and-so!" he roared to the dresser. When So-and-so appeared: "Look here," said John, "this is what they say about your part." And he read aloud, with marked emphasis, "It's a pity the bear did not eat Camillo instead of Antigonus." Camillo was John's "d—d good-natured friend."

RAPIER.



PENCILINGS FROM THE PANTOMIMES AT THE ALEXANDRA AND CRYSTAL PALACES, AND THE VICTORIA THEATRE.



SCENE FROM ACT II. OF "CLEOPATRA," THE NEW OPERA AT MILAN.

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a new quartett in B flat by St. Saëns for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Mdlle. Krebs, Madame Néruda, MM. Zeribini and Piatti), with vocal selections from Felicien David and Salvatore Rosa, sung in excellent style by Mr. McGuckin. Mdlle. Krebs was received with the welcome due to her talents, and her playing, both in the concerted pieces and in the sonata, exhibited those higher qualities which have latterly characterised her style. The quartett by St. Saëns is not likely to become popular. It shows good workmanship employed on poor materials. St. Saëns is always "going" to show some wonderful new things, but his feet become entangled before he has proceeded far. Mr. Chappell is nevertheless to be thanked for furnishing this specimen of the style of a composer who occupies an important position among French musicians, and who may possibly some day vindicate his right to that position. The usual Saturday Concert will be given this afternoon at St. James's Hall, and Mdlle. Krebs will make her second appearance.

The Sacred Harmonic Society announce a repetition of *Moses in Egypt* this afternoon, and a performance of Handel's *Samson* on Friday next.

The London Ballad Concerts recommenced at St. James's Hall on Wednesday last.

The Saturday Evening Concerts at St. James's Hall were resumed on Saturday last. At the concert to be given this evening, several eminent vocalists and instrumentalists will assist, and the "Knabe" American pianoforte will be introduced.

The third of the Viard-Louis Orchestral Concerts will be given next Tuesday week at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Weist Hill.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company have thus far been highly successful during their current season at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. Guiraud's *Piccolino* was produced on Saturday last, for the first time in English, and has been warmly praised by the Dublin journals. The *Irish Times* says that the principal air, "Sorrento," was sung "uncommonly well" by Miss Gaylord, but was "much too low" for her. Miss Burns (Elena) is highly commended, as also are MM. Packard, Lyall, and Crotty. The *Freeman's Journal* speaks favourably of the last-named artist, and adds that "Miss Warwick, Miss Hyde, Miss Duggan, and Miss Collins sustained some minor parts with much grace and spirit."

Madame Rose Hersee's starring engagement as prima-donna of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's English Opera Company—at present playing at the new opera house, Cork—will terminate next Saturday week, and on the succeeding Saturday she will start for Melbourne by the Orient Line steamer, John Elder, which is expected to make the voyage in less than forty days. Since February, 1878, Madame Rose Hersee has had only one week's holiday.

Signor Randegger will conduct the performance of *Carmen* when it is produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

An English version of Wagner's *Rienzi*, written by Mr. Josiah Pittman, has just been published by Messrs. Schott and Co., Regent-street. It shows marks of hasty workmanship, but gives a fair idea of the spirit of the original. The Italian and the German texts are given with the English version.

Signor and Madlles. Badia gave a concert at the Steinway Hall on Thursday the 2nd January, previous to their departure for the Continent on a professional engagement. A very enjoyable programme was ably rendered by the various artists engaged, amongst whom were Signori Urlo, Rocca, Rizzelli, and Vergara, Mdlle. Franchi and Madlles. Badia, who contributed several solos and duets in their usual style, and were much applauded. Some compositions by Signor Badia were given on the occasion, and a canzone entitled "Tutte le Femmine" sung by Signor Rizzelli, the words by Madame F. Ferri, deserves especial praise. Herr Adolf S-joder played two solos on the harp with great taste, and Signor Badia ably discharged the duties of conductor.

THE DRAMA.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

AN entire change of programme at the cosy little house in Dean-street testifies to the energy of Miss Kate Santley, and we are sorry to observe that this lady's earnest efforts to cater for her audiences in a way that will be at once agreeable to them and blameless in the eyes of the irresponsible authority who is allowed to rule London managers, have met with the very smallest encouragement at the hands of those critics who might be expected to defend art against State oppression. The old proverb about giving a dog a bad name, &c., is strongly exemplified in the case of Miss Kate Santley. But whatever her connection with opera-bouffe may have been before the Lord Chamberlain was seized with the violent attack of morality from which he at present suffers, we think it little short of cruelty that she should be literally baited by critics who are ordinarily just and impartial. We were present at the first representation of Mr. Palgrave Simpson's *Little Cinderella*, and Mr. Frank Desprez's *Tita in Thibet*, and we are constrained to say that we have seen performances at the Royalty Theatre in every way less satisfactory which yet have not met with so severe criticism. The first piece, *Little Cinderella*, is undoubtedly rather lame in its construction. Nevertheless, the idea is a pretty one, and we venture to think that any candid observer who is not blinded by prejudice will acknowledge that Miss Kate Santley's manner of playing Lottie, the snubbed and ill-treated little heroine, proves that she has an intelligent appreciation of something better than opera-bouffe acting. Criticism is one thing, persecution is another, and to us it seems a cowardly thing when any critic holding an influential office, so to speak, hounds down one individual actress because she happens to be the especial victim of an anomalous Court functionary that all earnest lovers of dramatic art would gladly see abolished.* Besides the part of Lottie in *Little Cinderella*, that of Foxgloves, an old gardener, who passes as the fairy godmother of the legend, is quietly and humorously played by Mr. Charles Groves. The other characters in the piece do not merit particular notice. The after-piece, *Tita in Thibet*, which is described as a new comic opera, is cleverly written and for the most part amusingly acted. The plot, which is of the slenderest, turns upon an extraordinary marriage custom supposed to obtain in Thibet. An idol merchant's agent, and a European, visits Thibet with his lovely but jealous wife, Tita, and his perplexities when placed in a dilemma regarding the especial marriage custom form the main substance of the piece. The part of Tita itself is not one of the best that Miss Kate Santley has had an opportunity of playing, but it affords her the chance of singing one or two catching songs in her piquant and popular fashion. Mr. W. H. Fisher, as the aforesaid idol merchant's agent, acts with spirit and a degree of humour. The chief comic business, however, falls to the share of Mr. Charles Groves as Chin-Chin and Mr. Frederick Leslie as Po-hi, and we are bound to say that both these gentlemen contrive to make a considerable deal of fun out of the piece. Miss Alma Stanley, as Young Hyson, is magnificently if not judiciously attired. This young lady, who is rather tall for a stage so miniature as that of the Royalty, is evidently in earnest about her work, but she lacks the

ease that comes only by practice. The other parts in *Tita in Thibet* are comparatively small, and are played by Mr. Charles White and Mr. W. H. Seymour.

COURT THEATRE.

Mr. Palgrave Simpson's version of *Les Pattes de Mouche* Sardou, called *A Scrap of Paper*, is certainly a sufficiently amusing piece, as played by Mr. Hare's accomplished company, to make the prospect of a second "run" extremely probable. The cleverness of the construction of this comedy constitutes its principal charm. The way in which the scrap of paper—upon which so much depends—is made to play hide and seek up to the very end of the play is a triumph of dramatic ingenuity. The entire piece may be described as a skilfully devised comedy puzzle. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are a sufficient guarantee that the leading parts of any comedy in which they play will be excellently rendered; and familiar as playgoers have formerly been with their performance of Colonel Blake and Susan Hartley respectively, it must be admitted that in the revival of the *Scrap of Paper* they attract a new and fresh interest. In the cast of the comedy there have been some notable alterations. Many who appreciated Mr. Henry Kemble's quietly humorous performance of the fussy old naturalist, Dr. Penguin, will institute a comparison between it and Mr. Mackintosh's impersonation of the same character. Such comparison will prove flattering to both artists. Mr. Kemble's Dr. Penguin was an almost faultless bit of character-acting, and Mr. Mackintosh's, although quite unlike his predecessor's, is an equally effective dramatic sketch. The part of Sir John Ingram, the jealous husband, which was so admirably played by Mr. Charles Kelly is now entrusted to Mr. Wenman, who has for several years been known as the leading member of the late Mdlle. Beatrice's company. If lacking somewhat of the studied stolidity which made Mr. Kelly's performance so thoroughly and characteristically English, Mr. Wenman's Sir John Ingram is not without considerable merit. Miss C. Grahame is also a new addition to Mr. Hare's company, and she seems possessed of both grace and intelligence. Besides *A Scrap of Paper*, Mr. Charles Coghlan's neat and brilliant little piece, *A Quiet Rubber*, is again revived. Mr. Hare once more assumes the part of old Lord Kilclare, and plays it with even more minute elaboration than he displayed before. In the part of Sullivan we again find Mr. Wenman as a substitute for Mr. Charles Kelly, and must pronounce him a worthy successor. Mr. Herbert plays his original part of Charles Kilclare in his old happy style. To judge from the audience and their enthusiasm, we should be inclined to prognosticate a prolonged success for the revival of *A Scrap of Paper* at the Court Theatre.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

The awful monotony of the seemingly eternal run of *Our Boys* has been relieved in a measure by the production at the Vaudeville of a new farce. It is by Mr. J. J. Dille, and is called *A Highland Fling*. The materials of it, without being particularly novel, lend themselves to the manufacture of that kind of practical fun which is appreciated in farces and in the clown's scenes of a pantomime. A Highlander is well played by Mr. Garthorne, who develops a quite unexpected vein of low comedy. Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Holmes, and the clever Miss Cicely Richards. When is *Our Boys* likely to be removed from the bill of the Vaudeville? This is a question which has been suggesting itself to the critical mind for some years past.

It is said that the Lord Chamberlain has scruples with regard to licensing Mr. Clement Scott's adaptation of *Le Bourgeois de Pont d'Arcy*. What next?

All the chief members of the Folly company will play in *Carmen*; or, *Sold for a Song*.

Mr. John Clarke is, we regret to hear, seriously ill.

Miss Edith Wilson, of the Princess's Theatre, has returned to the Bristol Theatre, where Miss Ross Church, Mr. J. L. Shine, and Mr. Julian Cross are also great favourites.

Mr. Barry Sullivan will commence his tour about the 20th.

Proof will be withdrawn in a very few weeks.

Mr. Charles Harcourt shortly leaves the Adelphi.

Miss Jennie Lee will begin a new tour on the 3rd March.

After a three years tour, Miss Jane Rignold is going to rest for awhile. She has been highly successful alike in the Lydia Foote and Marie Wilton lines in T. W. Robertson's comedies. No easy task.

The Prince's Theatre, Manchester, has been closed in order to allow the pantomime to be revised.

Miss Emma Chambers, as the leading attraction of the pantomime at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, is sustaining the reputation she won in London.

THE PANTOMIMES.

PAVILION.

WITH his accustomed liberality, Mr. Morris Abrahams has once again sustained his reputation for Christmas entertainments by producing a pantomime which cannot fail to please all who witness it. Although quantity is necessarily a feature at the East End, it has in this instance not been indulged in at the expense of quality; for *Little Red Riding Hood and the Gob(b)lin Wolf, or Harlequin Jack in the Box* is full of talent of the most varied order and abounds with scenery of exceptional excellence painted by Mr. Robert M. Hyde and assistants. So frequent indeed were the calls for this gentleman on the night of our visit that he seemed to us to be indulging in a species of game of Hyde and seek. Miss Constance Alexander and Miss Katie Logan (who used to be a child actress of singular ability if we mistake not) are the youthful exponents of Red Riding Hood and Little Boy Blue and succeeded in rendering their respective characters in a thoroughly interesting manner. The Sisters Leamer play with considerable dash and go, their music hall experience enabling them to make their songs a most attractive feature. The low comedians, Messrs. W. Bint, Harry Lynn, and A. Alexander are all good, but the latter gentleman who plays Pettifog contrives to make himself a great favourite with his audience, his humorous acting being much aided by his proficiency as a pantomimist. If he will, however, take a hint we would suggest that the opening of a pantomime should be devoted more or less to acting, the harlequinade being the proper place for "clowning"; for instance when he smacked the Princess on her uncovered shoulders. The lady, too, evidently didn't appreciate it and did not seem accustomed to "nap the slap." We must not omit to mention that the part of the Demon Wolf is entrusted to Mr. S. Holdsworth, whose singing of several tenor songs elicited immense applause which was thoroughly deserved. The pantomime is produced under the personal direction of Mr. Isaac Cohen who deserves great credit for the thoroughness of the whole arrangements, and who will doubtless be repaid by many crowded houses such as we witnessed on the occasion of our visit.

Another Cure of Inflammation of the Throat, Cough, &c.—Mr. Heron, Arthur-street, Belfast, writes: "DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS allayed the inflammation of my throat, relieved the cough, and gave me ease at once." They taste pleasantly. Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per box.—[ADVT.]

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

SOMEBODY or something must have gone wrong over the Boxing Day match between the English Eleven and the team that recently left us, as the engagement, from some unknown reason, fell through, and for it was substituted one between Lord Harris and Co. versus Fifteen of Victoria.

The result was far from favourable to sport, as a somewhat unsatisfactory draw was the result, as far as I can glean from a contemporary, whose cablegram reads as follows:—"The Fifteen's total was 313. The figures of the Eleven curiously enough corresponded, with a slight reversion of order, 331 being their aggregate contribution. In their second innings the Victorians amassed 214, an amount of runs which, coupled with the want of time left in which to complete the game, left no alternative but to declare the match a draw." Other information than this I am unable to give, and we are left in doubt whether the Englishmen went in a second time or no until the next mail comes in.

It may be of interest to some of my readers to know that W. G. Grace will during the ensuing season not play in any matches versus twenty-two.

J. Banks, John Richardson, E. Tranter, and W. A. Woof are already engaged for 1879.

As I anticipated, the proposed double sculling match has fallen through, and in my last I scored "a double event," the Wallace Ross v. F. Emmett for £200 engagement having been decided upon, and it will take place on the Thames, on Monday, March 10, Ross allowing 15 sovs. expenses.

What a fuss is being made about the supposed rupture between Hanlon and his old backers! Is it of any importance whether or no he is on his "graft," or supported by a clique, as long as he comes over and lets us see what sort of "metal" he is made of?

All sorts of little annual affairs have been taking place, notably Ralph's Sculling Handicap in Wandsworth Reach, the veteran J. Picton's Four-Oared Christmas Regatta (postponed), and Mitchell Harding's Boat Races at Barrow, &c., but they do not require full notice in these columns.

Athletics have been very quiet, only "cross" country events falling to my notice. Last Saturday the principal fixture on the list was the Railway Clearing House Handicap Steeplechase, but this had to be postponed, owing to the dangerous state of the course, until next Saturday, the 11th inst.

Other clubs, however, went in for ordinary runs. The Ibis, whose head-quarters are at the Greyhound, Dulwich; the Isledon, who put up at the Flash Inn, Highgate; the Manor Lodge, another Highgate club; the Hampstead Harriers, who congregate at the Spaniard's Hotel, Hampstead Heath, all being out.

Of this number the Manor Lodge Harriers alone did anything out of the common, and as they decided a genuine competition I append the return forwarded me by a friend:—"Twenty-three members turned up at Highgate on Saturday to compete in a five-mile cross-country race for the club cup, which must be won two years in succession before it becomes the property of the winner. Last year it was won by G. Moss, who again competed. The event caused considerable interest, a large number of visitors witnessing both start and finish. Starting from the Archway, the hares, G. Thompson and J. Harris, laid the trail down to the Crouch End Station, turning off to the right across the fields to Hornsey; from there they worked on to Wood Green and the fields at the back of the Alexandra Palace, finishing by way of Muswell Hill-road and the Archway-road. At starting Joyce, Williams, Howard, and Gretton took the lead, but after going some distance, Moss, Doughty, Wood, and Richards went to the front. This order was maintained till reaching the Railway Hotel at Hornsey, when Moss and Richards soon headed the others by twenty yards. Gretton here came to grief, and retired, Joyce also showing signs of distress. After rounding the back of the Palace Doughty and Wood improved their position, passing the leaders. Reaching the Woodman, which is about half a mile from home, a fine race took place between Wood, Doughty, Richards, and Moss, the two last-named leading by four or five yards, but twenty yards from home Doughty and Wood dashed to the front, Doughty winning by three yards, Wood second, G. Moss third, R. Richards fourth, J. Howard fifth, and W. Canton, sixth; J. W. Doughty's time was 38min 12sec. The club will meet at Willesden on Saturday next, to compete for a cup in a ten-mile handicap race."

W. Fielding, of Manchester, and W. Tunbrell, of Liverpool, are matched to play 1,000 up on a championship table for 100 sovs aside, on Thursday, February 20. I hope to be there, and shall stand the Manchester man.

EXON.

MR. WALLIS MACKAY has given up his engagement on *May-fair*.

THE original proprietors of "Black Jack"—Messrs. W. D. and H. D. Wills, of Bristol, the well-known tobacco manufacturers have vindicated their claim to his exclusive services in the capacity of a trade-mark. A perpetual injunction against those who infringed the title has been granted by the Master of the Rolls, whose jurisdiction naturally extends over rolls of tobacco amongst others.

THE 239th anniversary of the birth of Racine was celebrated at the Comédie Française and the Odéon, Paris, by the performance of *Andromaque* and *Les Plaideurs*.

THE annual Swiss rifle meeting, in which marksmen from all parts of the Federal Republic are invited to compete, and which is a great *fete* for the little country, is to take place at Basle in July, beginning on the 6th and ending on the 14th day of that month.

CHILBLAINS.—Instant relief and cure by using "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. a bottle.—[ADVT.]

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES—LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is offered to the Public with full confidence in its merits. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from every part of the World. Over Forty Years the favourite and never failing Preparation to Restore Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour and Lustrous Beauty, requiring only a few applications to secure new and luxuriant growth. The soft and silky texture of healthy hair follows its use. That most objectionable and distressing element to the hair, called Dandruff, is quickly and permanently removed. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

THE AFGHAN DIFFICULTY seems likely to try the endurance of our troops to the utmost. It cannot be too often repeated that in all cases of great bodily exertion there is nothing so sustaining as that delicious Liqueur, GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY. Captain Boyton used it in his memorable swim across the Channel, and has publicly testified to its wonderful efficacy. Persons with weak constitutions should take it. Apply to all Wine Merchants, at all Bars and Restaurants, or to Thomas Grant, Distiller Maidstone.—[ADVT.]

SOZODONT.—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scum from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name SOZODONT on the label, box, and bottle.—[ADVT.]

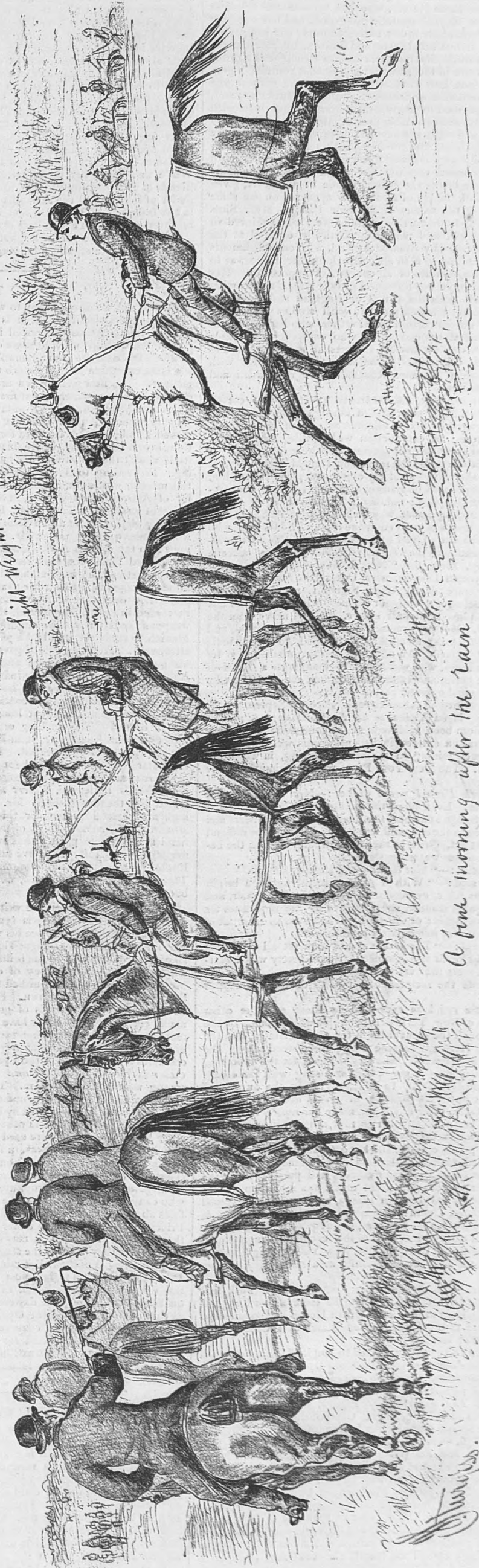
* Without contradicting our critic, we may observe that we are by no means sure he correctly estimates the opinions of "all earnest lovers of dramatic art."—Ep. I. S. & D. N.





a bit fresh.

Heavy going for 14 Stew



A fine morning after the rain

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MADAME ROSE HERSEE.

In the present number we give the portrait of a popular favourite, Madame Rose Hersee, who has become the acknowledged head of the English operatic profession, and has not only attained a high reputation in her native country, but has gained abundant laurels in the United States and Canada. Like Mesdames. Patti, Nilsson, Arabella Goddard, and Louisa Pyne, she is a proof that there is no truth in the common saying that youthful "prodigies" seldom ripen into good artists. From the earliest age she displayed remarkable evidences of musical organisation, and, when six years old, used to sing operatic bravuras and duets with astonishing facility, and invariably perfect intonation. When only ten years of age, she made her debut at a private concert of the Amateur Musical Union, and produced such a remarkable sensation that her family were induced to comply with her earnest wish to become a professional vocalist. Not long afterwards, she made her first appearance before the general public at a concert, given in St. James's Hall, the list of artists who appeared on the same occasion including the names of Madame Parepa, MM. Sims Reeves, Santley, and other artists of eminence. She achieved an extraordinary success, and was enthusiastically encored at the conclusion of a *chanson* by Etienne Arnaud, with embellishments and cadenzas extending to E in alt. Ere long her name was to be found in the programmes of all concerts of importance. Her success in the provinces was immense, and she gained a succession of triumphs in all the chief towns of England and Scotland. Until she reached her fifteenth year her vocal studies were solely conducted under the instruction of her father, who had been educated for the musical profession, and who enjoyed considerable popularity as a lecturer on musical subjects at metropolitan and provincial literary institutions. She subsequently studied with Senor Manuel Garcia, Madame Rudersdorff, Signor Ardit, and other eminent teachers.

Miss Hersee's popularity, and her artistic merit, did not escape the keen eye of Mr. Mapleson; and in January, 1868, the youthful artist was engaged by that gentleman as one of the "stars" of his concert tour; in conjunction with Mdle. Titiens, Mr. Santley, &c. So great was her success that she was engaged by Mr. Mapleson for the following season of Her Majesty's Opera. During the year she played a variety of second parts in London, and occasionally appeared in leading characters during the provincial tour of the company; notably in the character of Queen Marguerite, in *Les Huguenots*, which she played in Dublin at only one day's notice, and was encored in the duet with Mongini, who played Raoul. She also played Lucrezia in Donizetti's *I Due Foscari*, with Mr. Santley as the Doge, and achieved a great success. On the 1st May, 1869, the "New Italian Opera" Company opened at the Lyceum Theatre, with Donizetti's *Elisire d'Amore*, in which Miss Hersee played Adina, Signor Gardoni Nemorino, Signor Gassier Belcore, and Signor Menici Dulcamara. She not only had never played the part before, but had never seen the opera performed. Her performance was brilliantly successful, and next morning the press unanimously testified to the artistic triumph she had gained. An offer was at once made to her by Madame Parepa Rosa, who was about to inaugurate a series of English operatic performances in America, and she was offered a share of the principal operatic parts.

Her first appearance in America took place on September 18, 1869, when she played Amina in *La Sonnambula*. A greater triumph has seldom been achieved; at the conclusion of her first recitative and *aria* an extraordinary enthusiasm was manifested, the entire audience joining in rounds of cheering, in which the orchestra joined. The New York Press were unanimous in her praise.

The *New York Herald* wrote of her:—Her voice is pure, clear, and flexible. Even after the exhausting labours of a first night before a strange audience, she maintained her powers and command of voice to the end, and was indeed better in the difficult scenes of the last act, down to the trying *finale*, than in the beginning. Her success was unquestionable.

The *Tribune* said:—"Her debut was a striking success."

The *Express* said:—"With a *petite* graceful figure, a bright smiling face, eyes full of expression, a wealth of golden hair, and an infinitely piquant manner, she possesses all the requisites for the physical embodiment of the part. Her *status* as an artist of rare attractiveness was immediately established."

The *World* said:—"The *prima donna* soon set all doubts at rest. Ere the first *aria* was completed, it was pretty well understood by the listeners that art was winning a triumph. She was recalled, and made the recipient of a bundle of roses almost as large as herself."

The favourable opinions expressed by these and the other leading journals of New York were subsequently endorsed by the musical critics of all the great cities in the United States, and the name of "Rose Hersee" became a household word among the lovers of music in America. She was engaged for the following season at a salary of £75 per week, and sang with increasing success from October, 1870, to May, 1871. In the autumn of that year she accepted the position of *prima donna assoluta* of the "National Opera Company," and made her *rentrée* in London at St. James's Theatre, September 30, 1871, as Elvira in Balfe's *Rose of Castile*. Her success was brilliant. Two years of almost incessant stage practice had made her a finished and fascinating actress, and had imparted richness and volume to her voice, without deteriorating from its freshness and purity; while the brilliancy of her execution in florid music was more remarkable than ever. During her London season, and the long provincial tour of the National Opera Company, her career was a series of triumphs. English opera, however, is but poorly encouraged in England; and it was not long before she accepted an engagement to appear at the Grand Opera House, New York, being engaged by Mr. Augustin Daly for six months, at a salary of £100 per week.

In November, 1872, she made her *rentrée* at New York, and was enthusiastically received, and at the close of her long and successful engagement at the Grand Opera House, she commenced an operatic tour through the United States and Canada, and gained still further laurels.

In the autumn of 1872 she returned to England, being engaged as principal *prima donna* of the Carl Rosa Opera Company; and, after a long provincial campaign, appeared with that company at their opening performance in London, 11th September, 1875, as Susanna in *The Marriage of Figaro*, in conjunction with Mdles. Torriani and Yorke, MM. Campobello, Santley, &c., and during the season played many important rôles with brilliant success. In 1876, owing to indisposition, she quitted the Carl Rosa Company, and her place was taken by Madame Marie Roze. Since then she has been occupied in "starring" engagements—in the provinces, at the Crystal Palace, Alexandra Palace, &c., and last January was engaged by Mr. Mapleson as *prima donna assoluta* during his short season of English opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. The *Times* of February 6, 1878, spoke of her as "a finished and experienced dramatic vocalist, who has risen to a high position through earnest and unremitting study of her art, and fairly earned the laurels she continues to wear so well."

On the 27th instant, Madame Rose Hersee will leave England

for a lengthened period, having been engaged by Mr. W. Lyster as *prima donna assoluta* of the Melbourne Opera House Company, for twelve months, at a higher salary than has ever before been paid to any *prima donna* in Australia. We may say, with the eminent musical critic of the *Times*, "such an artist can ill be spared." She leaves us just when her vocal and histrionic powers are approaching their zenith. The able musical critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, "it would be little indeed to say of her that she is the best of our English dramatic singers. She has no superior in the concert room: on the stage, however, she stands quite alone; and, judged, not by comparison with other English vocalists, but by the standard of such perfect singing as is sometimes to be heard on the Italian stage, she may claim to rank among the best of the so-called 'light sopranos.'" We might quote similar eulogies from the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Advertiser*, and other important metropolitan and provincial journals, and we might offer hearty praise on our own part; but the reputation of Madame Rose Hersee stands so high that this is unnecessary. While we deplore her departure, we congratulate our numerous friends in Australia on the visit to them of an artist, who, in the purity of her life and the amiability of her character, no less than in the brilliancy of her vocal and histrionic talents, is one of the brightest ornaments of the lyric stage.

Our engraving is from a photograph, taken by the Photographic Studio Company, 122, Regent-street, in November last.

MR. ALFRED THOMPSON.

THERE are no doubt many to whom Mr. Alfred Thompson's face may be unfamiliar, but it is hardly possible that anyone, especially among those interested in things theatrical, can be unacquainted with his work in some of the many departments of art in which he has done such admirable service. Mr. Alfred Thompson is an exception to the proverb that as the twig is bent the tree inclines. The now well-known artist, author, and playwright—one hardly knows which to put first—is the son of the late Mr. J. Vincent Thompson, serjeant-at-law, brother of the great Corn-Law reformer, General Peronet Thompson, M.P.; and young Alfred Thompson was destined for a military career. His education began at Rugby, where his talent for art early developed itself, and at the age of fourteen he gained the first prize for drawing. Proceeding to Trinity College, Cambridge, the subject of this memoir worked sufficiently hard to take the degree of Bachelor of Arts, but found time, nevertheless, to keep his pencil in constant practice. There, too, his bias towards the stage was strongly displayed, and the foundation of the "Thespis Club," which subsequently, under Mr. F. C. Burnand's management, grew into the famous A.D.C., was the result. In 1854, however, Mr. Alfred Thompson took his place in the profession for which he was destined, having purchased a commission in the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons; and for the next five years the sword had the preference over the pen. At the end of this time the dragoon succeeded in persuading himself that of the two above-mentioned weapons the latter was the mightier, and he left the army, went to Munich to study art, and had a picture in the Academy two years afterwards. Professor Piloti gave the young artist the benefit of his guidance for a time, and afterwards, proceeding to Paris, he studied under Couture, whose influence may often be detected in his drawings. All this time, however, Mr. Alfred Thompson's fancy for the footlights had continued, and though not precisely anxious to act himself, he set himself to become the cause of acting in others. The opening of the Gaiety under the popular direction of his friend, Mr. John Hollingshead, gave Mr. Thompson the opportunity he needed. The late Mr. Alfred Wigan was the "star" at this time, and for him Mr. Thompson wrote *On the Cards*, at the same time designing the costumes for Mr. W. S. Gilbert's burlesque, *Robert the Devil*, the two pieces with which the theatre opened. Mr. Thompson then wrote several highly successful pieces for this house, including *Columbus*, *Aladdin the Second*, which offered Mr. J. L. Toole one of the funniest burlesque parts he has ever played, in *Ko-Kli-Ko*, the magician. To this M. Hervé furnished original music, and M. Emile Jonas performed a like office for *Cinderella the Younger*. These latter, it may be noted, were popular not only in London but in Paris and Vienna.

Of late Mr. Thompson has written less and designed more; indeed, his admirers—which is synonymous with saying all gifted with artistic faculties who see his work—calculate that more than 5,000 distinct costumes designed by him have appeared on different stages. It is not only in the brilliant and glowing ballet scenes, wholly unrivalled for richness of colour and purity of taste, that Mr. Thompson has distinguished himself, though perhaps it is by them that he is chiefly known. He is an archæologist as well as an artist, and the revivals of great plays under Mr. Calvert's management in Manchester have owed their splendour and correctness of detail to Mr. Thompson. These include *Richard III.*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Twelfth Night*, *Titus Andronicus*, &c., and costumes for *Richelieu* at the Lyceum, *Sardanapalus* and *Julius Caesar* in New York, *Babil and Bijou* at Covent Garden were, among many others, by him. The pages of *Diogenes* and the *Tomahawk* among deceased, and of *Fun and Punch* among living, periodicals have been enriched by his pencil, and dramatic criticism in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other journals has occupied his pen; while both implements were used in a capital monthly magazine called *The Mask*, which was, in fact, almost entirely written, and wholly illustrated, by Mr. Thompson, and which we have not classed among deceased or living publications, in the hope that *Resurgam* may be an appropriate motto for it. Mr. Thompson, who can ill be spared from the metropolis at the present time, finds abundant occupation in Manchester, where the Royal and Prince's Theatres are both under his direction, though of course the products of his pencil may occasionally be seen at London theatres, as they may on the stages of theatres in Paris, Trieste, Munich, New York, St. Petersburg, and numerous other cities. It is strange that no fitting post in the metropolis should be at the disposal of a gentleman of such very varied and excellent qualifications. Should the day ever arrive when some such scheme as that of the Embankment Opera House, which Mr. Mapleson seems to have abandoned, come to maturity, it would be impossible to find anyone better fitted for the post of director than Mr. Alfred Thompson. We trust, in the interests of the art he follows so devotedly, that his labours in Manchester may be only a training for better things.

"A WELCOME THAW."

THERE is a silent eloquence about the proceedings of one's servant on a frosty morning, peculiarly abominable in its plainness. He thinks you are not awake, perhaps; but you are, and can tell by the cautious manner in which he moves about the room, fearful of disturbing you, that things meteorological are just about as bad as they can be. In his hand he bears your boots and breeches; but these emblems of the chase he does not put by your bedside ready for use. On the contrary, he silently opens a drawer, takes out a pair of trousers, and then you know if you had not known before which way the wind blows—north-east, in all probability.

"Frost, eh?" you ask, having noted these preparations with dismay.

"Yes, sir. Freezing hard. Came on to snow in the night, and dreadful slippery, sir, this morning," he answers.

In desperation you remark, interrogatively: "No hunting, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, no! Looks as if frost was setting in, sir."

So it apparently is. The landscape is white, and that utterly offensive condition of affairs sometimes known as "seasonable weather" has come about with a vengeance. You dress leisurely, and saunter down to breakfast, where your companions are trying hard to look agreeable, and that donkey Borders, an amateur actor of distressing pertinacity, is in high feather; which doesn't make you love Borders. Neither can you cordially join in Miss Pensyller's enthusiastic admiration for the scene from the windows, the bare twigs and branches of the trees exquisitely—the phrase is her's and, in the connection, is what Polonius called "a vile phrase,"—traced out with the snow. The little birds are having a festive over an unt expected breakfast thoughtfully provided by our hostess when, poor little creatures, they had despaired of that meal, and were more than doubtful about luncheon. But what are we to do? Read last night's papers which have just come by post? As always happens under such circumstances, they are singularly uninteresting. Turn up a number of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS perhaps; see one of Mr. Sturgess's pictures of luckier mortals than ourselves having a good time over a pleasant country; and throw down the paper filled with sentiments of hatred, malice, and various other forms of uncharitableness. Round to the stables for a smoke, but this again is an annoying performance, for it is a proposition which I fancy few will dispute, that horses never look so fit and so much like going as on a "seasonable" morning. Your favourite, that you were going to ride to-day—confound this frost!—gazes round at you as much as to say, "It's rather poor sort of fun standing here. Why is no one getting me ready, and how about those hounds?" You cannot stand this, and stroll back to the house, where you find Borders endeavouring to organise a dramatic entertainment. You are just the man he wants, and are given to understand that he has cast you for a part in a farce, your duty in which will consist in decking yourself in some absurd costume, coming in, and letting him empty a bag of flour on your head, or smudge your face with lamp-black. "Awfully good situation; the people will yell with laughter!" he tells you, but you don't see it, and are set down as a surly creature, devoid of all notion of real humour.

But we know that there is a good time coming, though we may not always be able to fix the precise date. The English climate is as variable as Virgil tells us lovely woman is, and if sometimes your hopes are dashed, at other times your evil anticipations are agreeably disappointed. When you expect to find by your bed-side those stay-at-home garments to which reference has been made above, lo and behold! in comes your man, with a smile on his face, and your breeches on his arm. He proclaims it to be a fine morning, and so it is. The snow has disappeared, and though the going may be "heavy for 14 stone," as Mr. Sturgess has shown in his picture, the horses are fresh and eager, and not likely to be easily done up after their enforced rest. Borders is in despair, and tries to make his company solemnly promise and vow to be home to rehearsal at four o'clock; an attempt in which Borders miserably fails. If Miss Pensyller would ask you to admire this landscape you would willingly cap all her terms of praise; but she says it is nasty dirty weather, and determines to stay at home. Here come the horses, and when Muffington, who has been talking very "big" about his prowess, perceives the steed he is to ride in some such attitude as that depicted under the title of "a bit fresh," he looks very much as if he would like to stay at home and help Borders, or flirt with the æsthetic Miss Pensyller.

Philosophers tell us that anticipation is more satisfactory than realisation, and certainly the ride to the meet is not the least agreeable feature of a day's hunting. The cheery nod of acquaintances whom one overtakes on the road, or meets as they come from by-ways and out of lodge gates, shows their delight at having at length got the better of the late vile—that is to say, of course, "seasonable"—weather. The hounds are so keen that Tom has to give a few ominous reminders with the weapon from which he takes his name, and perhaps the foxes have not completely realised the situation brought about by the recent change. The master looks at his watch and nods to the huntsman, who waves his arm, and the eager pack bounds into the covert. Master Reynard is soon afoot, a discovery which Violet loses little time in making. Venturesome and Vesta acknowledge the correctness of the opinion; the horses fight for their heads; Muffington sincerely regrets the want of moral courage which led him out hunting instead of permitting him to stay at home comfortably and safely with Borders, and he is soon lost to sight, while we gallop on experiencing all the pleasures brought about by the "Welcome Thaw."

A COLONIAL FANCY BALL AT SYDNEY.

Our sketches were supplied by Mr. Walter Syer, of Sydney, a former contributor to these pages. They commemorate a fancy dress ball given at the Exhibition building in November last, in aid of a children's hospital. Nearly a thousand visitors were present, including the Hon. Lady Robinson (the Governor's wife), her daughter, and many other celebrities of the locality; and the costumes were of the usual varied description.

PENCILINGS FROM THE PLAYS.

PANTOMIME once again reigns supreme on the boards of the London and provincial theatres, and these are some of our artist's pencilings therefrom. Of the doings of pantomimists at the Alexandra and Crystal Palaces we last week spoke fully, and here we need only say that *Tom Tiddler*, or *Harlequin Jack in the Box who Deals Nasty Knocks*, and *Double-Headed Daddy the Demon*, at the Victoria, ranks with the foremost in all those qualities which make a pantomime successful.

SAILING RAILWAY CARS.

Cars of this description have been used for many years in China and in Spain, but they have had the greatest success in Holland, where they have exceeded the speed of the quickest ships, carrying from six to ten people, in a few hours, a distance of 80 to 120 miles. Indeed, the Dutch sailing cars, which are similar to that we engrave, attain a speed of 16 miles per hour, which, until railways were established, was unheard-of. The sailing car seen in our illustration has travelled a distance of about 32 miles in the hour with a strong breeze, and over six bad and crooked roads has done 84 miles in 4 hours. The sails are spread on two yards of 4 and 4½ yards respectively, and the quantity of canvas carried is about 8 square yards.

A SCARECROW.

OUR only remaining specimen of a strong savage animal in its wild state is our cunning, solitude-loving friend the fox. Swift, cautious, and crafty, he holds his own to the last, in defiance of huntsmen and dogs, seeking his prey alone, the terror of the farmer, storing what he can eat in secret places for times of ice and snow, when famine and want make him desperate, and full of ingenious devices to escape pursuit. Although cautious, he is far too wide-

awake to be deceived by the mere scarecrow, at which he looks in curious wonder, and probably chuckles after his fashion as he goes his way. But for all his wisdom he selected a vixen for his wife.

SCENE FROM ACT II. OF "CLEOPATRA," THE NEW ITALIAN OPERA.

This operatic scene, from the adaptation of Manzoni, by Cossa, recently produced at Milan, represents the Piazza at Alexandria, in Act II., where Sossio and the great Egyptian Queen meet during the religious festival of Isis, where the speech of Sossio has created a violent outbreak of popular feeling, which Mark Antony hastens to assuage. The whole scene was one of such remarkable beauty and dramatic effect as to excite the most enthusiastic outburst of applause.

A WINTER DAY.

"OLD JANUARY" brings many a scene like this of our artist's drawing, when tree and hedge-row wear their winter garb of snow, keeping their roots snug and warm below where the snow-drop is forming its modest bell while the catkins of the hazel are looking up for their opening day. The flail may be busy in the barn, but out here in the fields labour is at an end, and added to wintry cold come a solitude and silence like that of death with a resurrection close at hand.

REVIEWS.

Black but Comely, or the Adventures of Jane Lee. By G. J. Whyte-Melville. London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly, 1879. When the literary history of the 19th century comes to be written, a place of honour must be awarded to Major Whyte-Melville, whose delightfully pleasant and graphic stories are brought to a mournful close by the novel before us. He is not, it may be admitted, a powerful writer, nor judged by sternly critical rules can he be placed quite in the front rank. But the ease and grace of his style, his kindly philosophy, his delicate humour, and perfect acquaintance with the subjects which principally occupied his pen cannot fail to retain for his books the popularity they so well deserve. For his stories of ancient life we care less than for his records of the world in which he lived, and it has been not inaptly declared that his ancient Romans and damsels of Horatian days were neither more nor less than guardsmen with shield and pilum, and damsels from Mayfair masquerading in antique dress. *Black but Comely* deals with modern days, and follows the adventures of one of those beautiful and mysterious dark heroines who were very favourite themes with Major Whyte-Melville, and have appeared more or less prominently in so many of his novels.

It may perhaps be that the idea is stimulated by a knowledge of the sad disaster which deprived readers of an author whom they could not help regarding as a friend; but there certainly seems a tone of sadness about portions of this book, and in it may be found sentences to which events have given a terrible cogency. James Paravant, who has some claim to be regarded as a hero, inasmuch as he marries the heroine, is mortally injured in the course of a hurdle-race. "Yes," the author says,—

"Yes, we ought to be kind to each other here, in the little segment of a circle which, as an infinitesimal portion of eternity, we have accustomed ourselves to call life. We are but tenants at will. Is it worth while to fret, and strive, and malign our neighbour within such narrow borders, when every morning's post may bring us notice to quit?"

For Paravant to-day, as may befall you and me to-morrow, and many more of us before the week is out, a summons had been served.

Again in recording the death of a certain Shack Lopez, he gives the following conversation:—

"Have you heard about Shack Lopez?"

"Broke, is he?" was the reply. "I've known it these three months."

"Worse than that, mine friend. He's dead. Went off the hooks this morning at sunrise."

"Glad he don't owe me anything. Shack couldn't pay two-pence in the pound. Poor Shack! what a fool he was."

"And this was Jack's epitaph. Shorter and less complimentary than that pronounced by Justice Shallow on the bowman defunct—'And is old Double dead?' Few of us can expect more. For one or two the columns of a daily paper are ruled in black; to half-a-dozen it vouchsafes an incorrect biography of the smallest type; a few score find a place at the end of the year in 'our obituary of notable persons deceased;' but to your disappearance and mine the general public will, in all probability, be profoundly indifferent. Only a former friend or two, an acquaintance here and there, who deals in the latest news, will stop for a moment to ask carelessly—'And is old Double dead?'"

It may be that these might have passed unnoticed had not they received so sad a pertinence from the direful consequence of a false step, crossed legs, and a fall in the Vale of White Horse; but, occurring as they do, their significance cannot be overlooked. It is well to turn from the gloom of these reflections to the task of reviewing the book which Major Whyte-Melville left, and happily, differing therein from his great predecessors, Thackeray or Dickens, lived long enough to finish.

Jane Lee, the heroine, whose description gives the title to the book, is the daughter of Shuri Lee, a gipsy, and her husband, Fighting Jack. Jane Lee's mother does not survive the opening scene—a public execution. She is borne to the ground by the crowd, but in falling has time to pass her infant to a stranger, who, woman-like, in the midst of her own danger stretches out her hands to save the child. In turn the kindly stranger succumbs to the rush, and the child is finally passed on to Jack Lopez—the Shack aforesaid—a presumably rich Jew, who takes the little girl home to his childless wife. She readily adopts it, and "J.L." tattooed on the child's arm secures for it the name of Jane Lee. Mrs. Lopez dies. Jane, a young girl, exceedingly beautiful and bright, is sent to live for a year with a country clergyman in Somersetshire, and before the year is out Lopez follows his wife. The state of his affairs has been hinted at in a foregoing quotation, and Jane is, save for a poor few hundred pounds, friendless and penniless. The kindly old parson would gladly have offered Jane a home, but a selfish and tyrannical wife diligently opposes every scheme her husband suggests, and as it happens they are not put to the test. Jane Lee is extremely independent, unwilling to be beholden to anyone, and she determines to strike out a new line of life for herself, to the grief and dismay of two ardent suitors of very opposite temperaments whom she has met and subjugated in her Somersetshire home. Mervyn Strange, her host's curate, is the first of these—a strictly conscientious and even ascetic clergyman, who, before he saw Jane Lee, had persuaded himself that servants of the Church were bound to celibacy. James Paravant, a young country squire just emerging from the hobble-dehoy stage, is the second adorer, and is reduced to the lowest depths of despair when he hears that Jane has gone to London, under the care of Mervyn Strange, to look for the last time upon her guardian's dead face. Strange, thus cast into the society of his idol, can resist no longer, and pleads his passion; nor does she

turn an altogether deaf ear to his entreaties; but her gipsy blood scorns the thralls of a sedate married life into which he beseeches her to enter. Some evil demon prompts her to accept a loan from her lover, £500, to be repaid when her legacy comes to her, and next morning she disappears, and seeks an engagement on the stage—unsuccessfully, however. Her beauty and accomplishments touch the susceptible heart of M. Delapré, the manager to whom she makes application, and he would gladly assist her, but at a price she scornfully refuses to pay. A stormy interview takes place in the course of a Richmond dinner, and she contemptuously refuses to rejoin the party. Walking through the Park, she is suddenly accosted by a gipsy, one Jericho Lee, who sees the marks upon her wrist, and recognises in her his "sister," the lost member of the tribe, and the daughter of Fighting Jack, "Patron" of the band. By the aid of Paravant, who is riding his horse Potboy at some races her tribe attend, she escapes from her too watchful and affectionate captors, in due course marries him, and after a sojourn in Italy returns, with "née Beltenebrosa" on her cards—a name Mervyn Strange had bestowed upon her—and becomes a "professional beauty," with Lord St. Moritz as admirer in chief. After the season, and before the local race-meeting, Paravant fills his house with company—for reasons of his own—including St. Moritz, of whom he was always jealous, and against whom his anger is now deeply aroused by what takes place during his visit. Paravant has entered his horse Potboy for the hurdle-race, and fearing to meet the gipsies who are tracking his wife, refuses to go. St. Moritz, seeking a solitary interview with her, sends an excuse, and this causes a cruel scene between Jane and her husband, in the course of which she expresses her indifference as to whether he breaks his neck or not. In a fury he goes to the races—to his doom; and she, horror-stricken at her cruel words, runs to the course after him. What occurs is thus described:—

"The hurdles were up, she marked them a bow-shot off. How white and dangerous they looked, grinning at her, as it were, in cruel mockery and reproach! The horses had already started. Their rapid hoof-beat sounded like thunder in her ears, the whirl and flutter of those many-coloured silks baffled and confused her sight; but with straining eyes she made out the blue and yellow cap hurrying to the front, as he reached the last leap but one—breathless, faint, with parted lips and clenched hands, her every faculty, her whole being absorbed in a painful intensity of suspense.

"Now, although the knowledge and attention of an experienced trainer had rendered the little horse perfectly fit to contend in any struggle exacting wind, speed, and sustained muscular exertion, his jockey was in the worst possible frame of mind to ride the kind of race that especially requires coolness, patience, and temper, to ensure success. Potboy did not gallop a quarter of a mile in the rush and hurry of a crowded start without protesting, in his own way, against the violent intemperate handling of his master. Always a free horse, an angry jerk of the bridle and a stab with the spurs maddened him to recklessness, and he broke fairly out of control, making the running over the first two flights of hurdles at a speed not inaptly described as *alarming* by those who witnessed it from the stand. Such pace, however, sobered the animal, while it seemed to intoxicate the rider, and though a timely pull, even now, a mile from the winning-post, would have done good service, as Potboy began to flag, Paravant only hustled him along the faster. 'Like all these gentlemen-jockeys,' said the rider of Adonis, dismounting a few minutes later with a shake of his crafty head, 'in too great a hurry to get home!'

"Beltenebrosa, leaning against a post that supported the fifth leap—four honest feet of sawn timber, pegged and secured on ground as hard as a dining-room table—must have seen, though she was never able to describe, exactly what happened. The blue and yellow cap came at it very fast, but Potboy swayed and wavered from the direct line in a form that warned experienced eyes he was beginning to fail.

"'Catch hold of his head, for God's sake!' exclaimed a bystander.

"'Come up!' shouted Paravant, deaf, or at least in no way responding to the appeal. A horse so extended was unable to spring. Potboy tried to stop himself, took off, half a stride too late, got under the hurdles, struck them with his chest, and turned completely over in the same moment that Beltenebrosa, wondering why a mountain of green grass should rise to meet the sky, fainted dead away.

"She was spared a sickening sight. That complicated ball of girths, shoes, gleaming spurs, white breeches, blue, yellow, and chestnut, with a crowd of black figures swarming round like insects on an ant-hill, presently resolved itself into horse and rider, the one rising with a snort and shake to gallop wildly on after its comrades through a lane of shouting hundreds, reins dangling, stirrups flapping, head and tail up, staring from side to side, as conscious of something fatally amiss, the other lying limp and still, froth on his lip, eyes dim and glazed, mouth open, hands clenched, looking as if he was never to speak or move again!"

We shall not spoil the reader's interest by detailing subsequent events, or by hinting how the novel ends. And, passing from description to criticism, truth compels the statement of opinion that in some respects the work falls short of the high level usually attained by the distinguished author. There is an unpleasant tone, strange to find, in some of the episodes and descriptions of Lord St. Moritz, Mrs. Stripwell, and of "Beltenebrosa." Major Whyte-Melville may have been reproducing pictures of society, but he writes of exceptions, not of rules. One incident, the attempted abduction of Beltenebrosa by Lord St. Moritz, is improbable to the verge of impossibility. But, on the other hand, there is some very admirable work. The last scene of Fighting Jack's sad, and we are forced to add disgraceful, history is wonderfully pathetic. The old man's dissolute and drunken life has had a redeeming, almost an ennobling, feature in his love for his dead Shuri, and to her in his delirium his thoughts fondly turn. There is, too, a quiet humour characteristic of the writer in the description of an American girl with "the most charming little nose ever employed as an organ of speech." If in the book there is a little to regret there is much heartily to praise, and though not perhaps one of Major Whyte-Melville's best novels, it is nevertheless a most interesting and dramatic work, well worthy to rank with the productions of an author who in his own particular line is immeasurably beyond all rivals and imitators.

MAGAZINES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The Cornhill Magazine.—The opening chapters of the new story, "Mademoiselle de Mersac," are a little tedious and complicated with long details of family history; and were too purely introductory to call for lengthy comment. Thackeray had a happy method of so dealing with these matters that they were full of interest, and brightened with touches of character, sentiment, and feeling which carried the reader on briskly to the end. But many have failed where he triumphed, and we certainly think the chapters treating of this portion of the new story would have been benefited by considerable condensation. The paper "About Lotteries" is full of curious facts and calculations. That on "The Growth of London," tells us little that is new but much that is interesting, though but a miscellaneous collection, put together without any particular method or system.

The Victoria Magazine.—The contents of this magazine rise to its

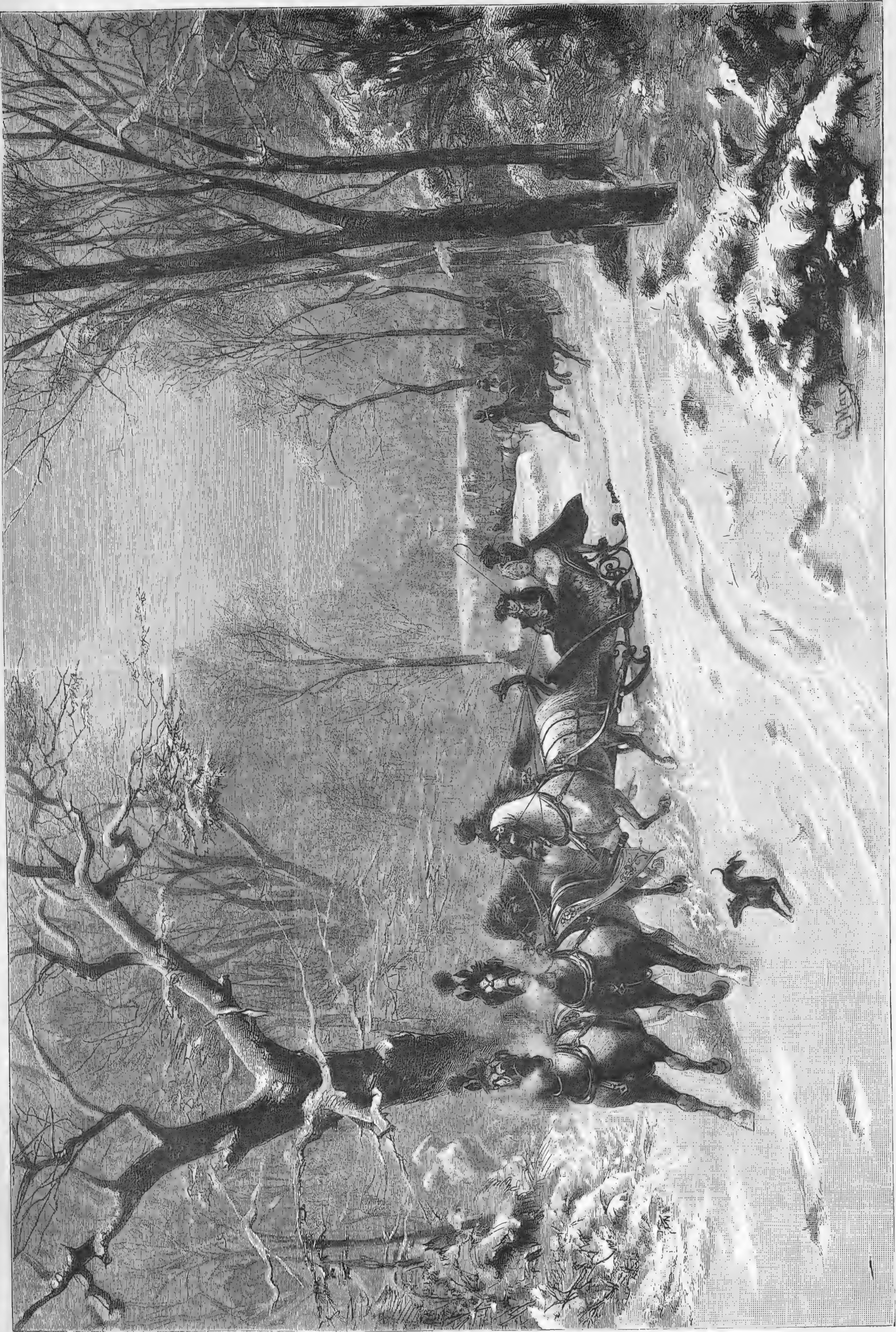
ordinary standard. Miss Ina Leon Cassilis takes Mrs. Crawshaw to task with some severity in an "Argument" against the employment of lady-helps, on the ground that no ladies, however reduced in circumstances, could scrub floors and black stoves without bringing about something inconceivably awful in the way of "social revolution." Miss Cassilis ought, however, to know that domestic service does not necessarily imply either of these or any similar occupations. Moreover, her idea of what constitutes a lady, and that Mrs. Crawshaw appears to hold as, on the former's own showing, very different. Miss Cassilis thinks a lady may become the wife or widow of a tradesman and continue to be called a lady. Miss C. shrinks indignantly from the idea that any lady could become the wife of a tradesman "who drops his h's and would be woefully ill at ease in a West-end drawing room" and continue to be regarded as a lady. But a tradesman does not necessarily drop his h's, and many whom Miss C. would acknowledge to be ladies do marry tradesmen, and thereby have West-end drawing rooms of their own at least as imposing as those of clergymen, physicians, and barristers, whose daughters have by birth, says Miss C., the right to be called and treated as ladies. To offer them employment as domestic servants would be, she says, "about as sensible as it would be to ask impecunious Oxford graduates to go out as butlers and footmen, or to open retail shops," and she thinks it ridiculous to suppose that the daughter of a professional gentleman could ever "accept a position which the daughters of tradesmen think beneath them." But, alas! what avails Miss C.'s argument when domestic service is the only available resource? Ladies cannot starve to avoid shocking this lady's sentiments, and by way of preventing "a social revolution," however terrible, and if by merely altering the name of servant to that of lady-help we can thereby distinguish them, and so secure for them a greater degree of respect and kinder treatment, why not? Ladies all, pray do not allow class distinctions, which can never be definitely established, and are always more imaginary than real, to step in for the prevention of united action in a cause so worthy as that Mrs. Crawshaw generously and earnestly advocates.

Belgravia commences this month a new story by Justin McCarthy called "Donna Quixote," which opens mournfully with a strange death-bed scene, and introduces a stupidly savage and unreasonably cruel mother-in-law, Mrs. Leven, who endeavours to quarrel with the affectionate and true-hearted widow of her late son, in the presence of his corpse, failing in which amiable desire she kneels down to pray. Major Leven, who altogether devotes himself to the redressing of private or public wrongs, and is a kindly-hearted, gentlemanly personage, with strong political prejudices, has been well drawn, and, we can easily believe, from life. We find it difficult, however, to believe after the scene in the death chamber that "Mrs. Leven was a woman who delighted in having everything happy about her, and in making those around her happy." Strange inconsistent things are done under the influence of strong emotion, but Mrs. Leven is as unsympathetically hard and cruel to the good, pretty, graceful, and quixotically generous girl she pretended to love, during her son's life, in cold as in hot blood, feeling towards her "much as a lady of the middle ages might have felt towards some fair sorceress who had bewitched and betrayed her son." The scene between Gabrielle and Janet Charlton is cleverly described, and at once awakens genuine interest in the fortunes of the latter, with which we suspect the plot of the story to come is closely interwoven. "Down the Rapids" is an ordinary piece of descriptive writing. "Some Tales of White Elephants" is amusing, and Mr. Proctor displays once more his happy facility for popularising scientific subjects in a paper on "Supposed Changes of the Moon." The quaint extravagance of Bret Harte finds expression in his story, "An Heiress of Red Dog," which is bright, sprightly, and very amusing. Dutton Cook has a capital paper on orders for the play, called "Admit Two to the Boxes." But there is one phase of the subject with which he does not deal. Every acting manager can tell Mr. Cook that the judicious use of "orders" is an element of considerable importance in his department, and that many an ill-paying theatre is kept open and ultimately rendered profitable to the management by the skill and knowledge displayed by acting managers in the proper distribution of "paper." A second new story also starts briskly in this number, called "Queen of the Meadow," by Charles Gibbon, and promises excellent things to come.

The Gentleman's Magazine.—The new story for the year in our very old friend with a new face, *The Gentleman's*, is "Under which Lord?" by E. Lynn Linton. The opening introduces a quiet country village, in which the Lord and Lady of the Manor, Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton, reside on an estate which up to the time of the Dissolution belonged to the Church. She is a weak, amiable, pretty woman, full of romantic associations and tender feelings, with little to do. He is a man of blameless life, universally respected although a free-thinker and bent upon the propagation of his opinions; a matter-of-fact man, who denies that the sun and moon were ever stayed, proves anatomically that the whale could no more have swallowed Jonah than he could have swallowed the whale, and asks how all the kingdoms of a sphere could possibly have been visible from the top of any mountain in Judea or elsewhere. They have a daughter, a sweet young creature, who unites in herself the prominent characteristics of both parents. To them comes an aristocratic, crafty, ritualistic vicar of extreme views, who assumes quasi-divine powers as part of his functions, and is determined to crush free-thought, and win back for the Church as much of the Fullerton's property as he can by impressing upon the mind of Mrs. Fullerton—in reality its sole owner—the spiritual sin of their possession. Here, it will at once be seen, are elements of intrigue, conflict, and complications of a terribly involved kind, amply sufficient to furnish incidents for a stirring, deeply-interesting story such as this promises to be. "Nature Myths in Nursery Rhymes," by Mr. T. Foster, is one of those speculative, theoretical papers, in which dreamers love to indulge, intended to rob the old nursery rhymes of their simplicity, and convert them into vague, elaborate allegories of a highly poetical and ingenious description. This sort of thing has more than once been cleverly satirised, as our readers may remember. It is amusing enough to find "Sing a Song o' Sixpence" transformed thus: The four-and-twenty blackbirds were the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie-crust over them was the overhanging sky. The opening of the pie was the opening of day, and the birds beginning to sing was—the birds beginning to sing. So, the king in his counting-house, counting out his money is the sun giving sunlight; and the queen in her parlour, eating bread and honey, is the moon, with her own sweet light for honey; and the maid hanging out the clothes is something omitted, and the blackbird who snapped or snipped off her nose is "the hour of sunrise," we presume in winter. If it is not this it is something else—namely, the blackbirds are the four-and-twenty black numerals "baked into the glazed face of an old-fashioned clock, showing twenty-four hours instead of twelve like our modern clocks," &c. "Papers on Robert Browning," "Old and New Phrenology," and "The Vicissitudes of Titles," "The Novels of Cervantes," and "Over-stimulation in Woman," complete a readable and interesting, but not particularly striking, number.

Touchstone's Christmas Number is of a light entertaining character, and very readable.

(To be continued.)



A SLEDGE PARTY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—(From a Painting by G. Marx.)

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

BETWEEN the Victoria Theatre and "Astley's" the patronage of the New Cut and the Lower Marsh is divided. The "rorty pals" with their "doxies" prefer the "Wic" when the bloodthirsty muse of melodrama, but at Christmas time, when pantomime reigns, I fancy Billie, and 'Arry, and Emmar, and the rest of them hie them to "Hashley's," for have they not



there, in addition to all the gorgeousness of pantomimic show, the advantage of elephants, and camels, and other strange birds, to say nothing of dashing steeds? I have a great affection for the inhabitants of the New Cut and Lower Marsh, and though I am



personally acquainted with only one in the entire region—to wit, Mr. Joe Slush, dog fancier—still I know many of the youth and beauty by sight. They seem utterly apart in dress, customs, and manner from the outer world, surrounding their band of barrow merchants. I passed through the favoured quarter the other

evening on my way to Sanger's, or as better known by the rorty ones as Hashley's. I found the usual wheelks on the usual barrows, the usual oranges and apples nestling together, the slopshops and pubs all lit up with the usual flickering glare of the swinging naphtha lamps, which defy the advances of either gas or electric light. Arrived at the theatre the crowd has already flooded into the various parts of the house, and are enjoying "the startling scenes in the arena," which preceded the production of the pantomime. The familiar odour of horses comes up from the stables behind, and promades the corridors of the aditorium with a grateful suggestion of a canvas roof and green fields outside, and a little village audience, anxiously awaiting the fine old jokes of Mr. Merryman as he asks Mr. Ringmaster if there is "Anything he can go for to fetch for to carry for to take to the beautiful lady on the 'oss." This is easily dissipated by one glance at the audience assembled, Cockney to the backbone. What an extraordinary pair of caterers are the Messrs. Sanger! Now travelling through the highways and byways of dear, happy England; again traversing the Continent in long gipsy-like caravans, with strings of performing animals,



and circus horses, and people; then delighting Paris with performing lions at the Porte St. Martin; and again adjacent to Westminster Bridge, the accepted successors of Ducrow—all this within the brief space of one year! "Mr. George" and "Mr. John" are, I should think, objects of considerable admiration and envy (which is about the same thing in show life) to the equestrian world. But to the pantomime. After the scenes in the arena, the stage was built over half the ring, and the other half was left at the disposal of the band and a few members of the audience who are supplied with chairs by a horsey-looking boxkeeper. The pantomime is not yet arrived at. Something more startling than the scenes in the arena has to be gone through, it is nothing more nor less than "The fifth act of Richard III. and the Great Battle of Bosworth Field and the Death of White Surrey!" The occasion upon which I had the felicity of seeing this performance I had just left the company of genial Mr. Barry Sullivan; had I but known that Mr. Augustus Glover was about to thrill me as hump-backed Richard on a real horse, and that a number of grooms, dressed as English soldiers of those times, would have taken up about half an acre of Bosworth Field, on which, alas! recline in death White Surrey and her royal (with a dead soldier thrown across the poor horse's head—just to keep him from jumping up), and carry it off the stage. I would have dragged Mr. Sullivan there just to watch the play of his expressive features! Finally we got to the pantomime—a motley piece of gorgeousness describing in some way or other the fortunes and misfortunes of

Cinderella. It is rewritten expressly for this theatre by Mr. Henry Spry (of Grecian Theatre fame). That it had ever been written, much less rewritten, is a matter that is not at all clear. Quantities of people work very hard to amuse, and quantities of bright scenery and properties dazzle the eyes and delight the senses of the audience, which the audience acknowledges with applause of a varied nature, but loud and hearty. Horses are plentiful in gaudy trappings, also elephants, camels, dromedaries, zebras, and horned horses! I only saw one



horned horse, but he was quite equal to a multitude, and gave the man who held him tightly by a strong rope quite an anxious time of it when he was brought on to swell the splendour of the scene, entitled "Grand Congress Hall of the Golden Palms in the Silver Fernery." After the transformation scene came, of course the harlequinade, led by the Great Little Sandy as clown. I had never seen Sandy on the stage before, and was



rather dubious as to his success in that particular line of merry-making. He is, however, quite equal to the occasion, and—I don't know why—gave me the impression of being more like Grimaldi in his bearing and humour than any clown we have got. This, of course, is a speculation. Will "The Oldest Playgoer" kindly visit Astley's and set this point at rest?

TURFIANA.

GLENLYON'S exportation to America may be regarded as a happy omen for Falmouth's Derby prospects, seeing that it has happened so often that sires have become famous as soon as they are dead or beyond our reach. Falmouth has proved himself such a sterling good colt, that we rather wonder at English breeders not having come to the rescue, but the reason for their apathy must be sought for in the present depressed state of affairs in the thoroughbred market, where speculation must of necessity be limited, with the prospect of another bad season for yearling sales before the eyes of breeders. In fact there seems to be a general inclination among caterers for the Turf to draw in their horns for a time, and to look to home resources in the shape of sires. Those having only a few mares are casting about for something at a moderate figure, of which there are plenty to be found in the "Calendar;" and we note that Highborn, the sire of Dresden China, has been unearthed from his previously unknown quarters, and promoted to stand along with Broomielaw at Elsham, while an own brother to him is also advertised to serve mares at a very modest figure in the fen country. Though Gladiator shared with West Australian the reproach of being the greatest stud disappointment of modern times, yet the excellence of his blood probably only laid dormant for a generation, and we could do very well with a little more of the Monarque and Gladiator elements in this country, looking at the success of those strains across the Channel. From what we have seen of the Gladiator mares, it will surprise us if they do not come into eager request some of these fine days, as they have mostly good size and great length, though a little angular and ragged, and they are likely to suit stallions of the small and elegant order, which require, so to speak, to be mated with consorts of more scope and substance than themselves. Kaiser has come south from his airy home on the hill top at Neasham Hall, and Mr. Cookson always had a good word for the natty son of Skirmisher, whose foals pleased us greatly when we paid our annual visit to the stretching pastures on the banks of Tees. With Speculum taking the proud position for the past year of premier sire of England, it will not do for us to let the once "accursed blood" be lost to us, and the strain of it which comes through Skirmisher is fully as valuable on paper as that which predominates in the pedigree of Speculum. Like the Moorlands celebrity, Kaiser had his lot cast in a year of perhaps exceptional excellence, and both were much of the same calibre, as tested by their performances as three year olds. Kaiser is a bigger horse than he looks at first sight, and nothing in his appearance struck us more forcibly than his marked likeness to King Tom, though built rather on a smaller scale than the late Mentmore celebrity. Though Kaiser's head is more blood-like, and his neck not so arched as King Tom's, we find in him the same high withers, deep girth, and fore legs placed under him; while the outline of his back and quarters is curiously like that of his maternal grandsire, and he has the same length of shank from hock to the ground. All the Skirmishers have been remarkable for fine, easy, elastic action, and we should not hesitate for a moment to try conclusions with Kaiser as a sire, while the cross of Blacklock upon Harkaway is not a common one, and a combination easy, as the saying goes, to "get away from." Mr. Bell's good judgment has been so signally verified in the cases of Carnival and Wild Oats that he should have no difficulty in filling Kaiser at the extremely modest fee of 15 guineas, and we shall watch his stud career with no small interest.

Though betting on the Derby is as yet only desultory and spasmodic, it has always been our custom at the commencement of a new year to break the ice of discussion, and finally to take our plunge into the dark water below in our attempt to fathom the great mystery of the racing year. Peter is not a very high sounding title for a favourite, but is far from inappropriate. The veteran soldier and statesman who owns him has invariably christened his animals after a sensible fashion, and Peter's appellation has at least the merit of simplicity, and will not trouble the Ring like the nomenclature of the General's friends, the Earls of Derby and Glasgow. We duly made a note of Peter in the Doncaster Sale ring, but in his yearling days there was a rather ungainly appearance about the colt, doubtless due to his Melbourne relationship, though he was never one of the overgrown, sprawling sort. Time did for him exactly what was required, but even when he was delivered at the post at Goodwood, there was plenty of room for improvement, and he looked rather light and delicate, with a tendency to be flatted. However, the interval between Goodwood and Newmarket First October did much towards minimising these defects, and by the Middle Park Plate day he manifested great improvement, looking and galloping like a thorough racehorse, though it struck us his jockey had not much "up his sleeve" when he landed him in front of Victor Chief. Peter is never likely to furnish into so big a colt as the Russley crack, but he is a nice, "sizeable," handy horse for Epsom, where the big 'uns too often are "all over the shop" when the tug of war comes. So we must put down Peter as a Derby horse all over, and if all goes well with him up to the fateful day, and if he gets satisfactorily through the Guineas, he will be a bold man who ranges himself under opposition banners. Peter is not unlike what his sire was at the same age, but he is better made about the neck, and we think shows rather more substance throughout; his action is easy, true, and elastic, and no fears need be entertained on the score of his gameness, while he evidently both goes fast and stays well. As to his breeding, it very closely resembles that of Lord Clifden and Cathedral, both by Newminster out of Melbourne mares, whereas Peter is by a son of Newminster, with a dash of the Ion blood interposed between that strain and the Melbourne descent of his dam, who, by the way, is not a very taking mare at first sight, and not remarkable for either size or symmetry. Peter, however, takes considerably more after his sire than after Lady Masham, and whereas neither Lord Clifden nor Cathedral were ever at home over courses with a hill to negotiate at the finish, their brother in blood looks as if he were specially cut out for getting up stairs, round corners, or any other business requiring cleverness and handiness. We have just a suspicion that Peter may be a delicate horse to train, for no very great improvement can be looked for in him in the way of development, and the utmost that can be hoped is that he may get quit of the undesirable tendency to be "slab-sided," a great defect in horses with such tough work cut out for them as Epsom Downs. As regards the connections of Peter, his owner, his trainer, and his probable jockey on the Derby Day, nothing but what is in the highest degree favourable can be spoken, and every true sportsman would rejoice to see Jos. Dawson leading home his first Derby winner, and the General following the successor to Orlando in the highest honours of the Turf. It is a far cry back to the year of Goody Levy and his notorious Running Rein, and nearly all the actors in that remarkable drama have long since passed away; and it may be that one of the few survivors is fated to see his purple jacket and orange cap borne in front without even temporary discomfiture from a bottled-up ancient of the Running Rein type.

There will be a regular field-day at Tattersall's on Monday, when some thirty lots of blood stock are advertised for sale. Sir George Chetwynd would seem determined to make a regular clearance:—no unwise resolve for one who has lately courted the favours of fortune with such indifferent success. Under such dis-

heartening circumstances, it is just as well for him to get rid of the "whole boiling," and to start anew, when the luck may change, and prosperity be the result. Cagliostro has not belied his yearling promise, so far as good looks are concerned; but we fear he is a bit of a thief, like his relation Chevron, and many of his sire's get are not so even in their temper as in looks. Prince Geraint is a useful customer, and Royal has shown a bit of form, while Tempestas is still rather on the small side, but with great power, and she was one of the sweetest yearlings in the Neasham collection of 1877. Of the rest we know but little, though most of the two year olds (which are warranted untied), have been judiciously selected, and are well bred enough for anything. Another lot, but a different property, is that very smart and handsome mare, Lady Ronald, a good winner and with a race or two in her yet, unless we are grievously mistaken. Of the rest, Lord Berners looks like furnishing into a clever hunter, and Bay Final is one of the big-boned Lexington breed, and a horse which might be turned to almost any "useful purpose." Father Matthew was a real good one before his temper failed him, and Duchess of Gloucester, Tredegar, and Tear Drop have all shown a bit of form in their day. Caramel, in the private sale list, still hangs fire, and perhaps the price asked for this useful old lady is a trifle too high for the pockets of breeders at the present juncture, when economy and curtailment are the order of the day among them.

SKYLARK.

OUI DIRE.

MANY cursing readers have seen the *Graphic* of last week (says Arrian of the *Sporting Chronicle*), a whole page of which is devoted to "sketches" of "Coursing à la Mode." The artist, like everyone of his craft who tries his 'prentice hand on matter he is ignorant of, has thoroughly succeeded in making the sport and himself at once ridiculous in the highest degree. The majority of the "sketches" may be generously passed over; but that wherein a greyhound comes to grief in using his hare is so ridiculously funny that I cannot lose the opportunity of making a remark upon it. The greyhound that has led to the hare, whether by favour or superiority of pace it matters not, has secured the first point, and gone "head over heels" at the same time. This mishap, instead of inducing the slower or more unfortunate dog to cut in and take possession, has exercised an entirely opposite effect, for we have the second dog regularly "doubled up," as though frightened out of his wits; whilst pussy, in addition, is more like a "hare on three legs" than one turned, we will suppose, for the first, second, or even third time in a course. The *Graphic* artist has evidently drawn upon his imagination when he attempted to depict coursing at Plumpton or anywhere else. Not to be invidious, however, your pictorial contemporary's artist is no worse than his collaborateur on the *Times* some eighteen months or couple of years ago. That was when the "Patent Mechanical Hare," invented by a Mr. McGreavy, first came into being. Briefly speaking, the invention was an effigy of a hare, made to travel along a tramway by a mechanical contrivance, at the end of which tramway the sham hare was lost in a furze bush. The *Times* reporter, in describing this new machine, likened the performance to a "pack of greyhounds in pursuit of their prey," whilst he gushingly represented the hare as "bounding out quite naturally, like the real animal from its bag!" That was the Cockney sportsman with a vengeance, and little, if any, smarter has the *Graphic* artist been in his delineation of coursing at Plumpton.

MR. R. WRIGHT, in a letter to the editor of the *Yorkshire Post* on the subject of the Starting-post and Two-year-olds, says:—"It often surprises me that owners of valuable racehorses should pay so little attention to the risks their property run of injury to legs and temper under the present system of starting. It is at the starting-post that the temper of young horses is frequently spoiled, and it is the ill effects of what constantly takes place at the starting-post that causes the turf career of so many of them to be short. Ten times more injury is often done to a two-year-old before starting than in the actual race. In fact, it occasionally happens that they never recover the 'upsetting' received in their first experience of a 'long delay' at the post. It stands to reason that ill effects must result from horses sweating profusely and being distressed, owing to frequent failures before the flag falls. The young, soft, pulpy legs and frames of two-year-olds are not fitted to withstand the 'brake' power put upon them at such times, and with such a load upon their backs. It is said that sudden stoppage of a railway train, if when at high speed the brake power is applied, does far more injury than would a long run at full speed without a stop. Doubtless this is correct. What, then, must be the effect upon the fore legs of animals that have similar abrupt brake pressure put upon them when they are moving at great speed? I venture to state that to this cause are largely attributable causes of sore shins, splints, curbs, ringbones, and contraction. Inflammation in the legs produces contraction, and contraction shortens speed. I contend, as I have before done through the medium of the sporting press, that the only remedy for the evil is the system of starting suggested by me, and successfully practised during five years at Catterick Bridge Races. It was superintended by the late Mr. John Hutchinson, of Manor House, Catterick, who thought very highly of it. This system consists of a chalk line drawn across the course. A line of fine lime or flour will do as well, sprinkled from a jug with a lip, sufficiently clearly for the jockeys to see it, but not sufficiently thick as to attract the attention of horses. A white stick or pole is placed at each end of this line, so that no mistake can take place should the line be too faint. A second line should be drawn, say three or four horses' lengths behind the first line, according to the width of the course and number of starters, and between these two lines must be all the horses. This will prevent the delay that often takes place from some hanging back, either from not being anxious to get off, or from a desire to fret and irritate others. When all are inside the space mentioned, the word 'Go!' is given from a trumpet. All can hear that it is a start, a decided advantage over a flag, which may not be seen by all."

"ATLAS" says, a certain musician disgusted with the chattering that usually takes the place of listening during a musical performance, arranged with his violin, his violoncello, and the rest that the music should suddenly stop in the midst of the loudest passage of the piece. It was done, and clear and distinct above all the loud talkers' voices these words were heard: "We always fry our's in lard!"

The same sprightly paragraphist tells us how, as the Prince of Wales and Dr. Lyon Playfair were standing near a caldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat, the Doctor asked, "Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?" "Certainly," replied the Prince. "Will you, then, place your hand in the boiling metal, and ladle out a portion of it?" "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the Prince. "I do," replied the Doctor. The Prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without sustaining any injury. "Atlas" adds: It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature the effect need not be described. After this let no one underrate the courage of the Prince of Wales.

THE *Builder* proposes a national theatre at which two representations every week, at least, should be devoted to Shakspeare, and what are entitled to be called standard plays should also be frequently represented; which should be bound also to produce every year new dramas—if at first but one or two—which fairly aspire to the character of high-class works of art. It is also proposed that the company of such a theatre should be artists, male and female, of the best endowments of talent, withdrawn from other engagements by the assurance of very considerable salaries, only reduced at the time by the advantage of permanence, and then of proportionate retiring allowance the selection of new members to be chiefly controlled by the votes of the company on the ground that they would be the best judges of histrionic talent, and of what class of such talent they were most in need of; but should have the strong motive for consulting the efficiency of the company above all, by increased emoluments to be dependent on efficiency. It is difficult to see in what way such a theatre would practically differ from some already in existence, the Lyceum for instance under its present management.

SPEAKING of the Lyceum reminds us of the following lines by Edmund W. Gosse, which we quote from the *Athenæum*:—

TO MR. HENRY IRVING.

Et jam purpureo suras include cothurno—
Sero sapient Phryges.—*Virgins Andronicus.*

"The red cothurnus slowly bind around those shapely thighs,
Nor fear the giggling Phrygian race that hastes not to be wise!"

Thus darkly in a fragment sang, oracularly sage,
Old Andronicus, eldest bard that trod the Latin stage.

We know not rightly what he meant, but yet may soothly guess
His Muse was no vain babbling, but a learned prophetic.

We think across the centuries she dreamed, great mime, of thee,
And warned thee of the playwrights small, and mobs of low degree.

A London audience moved her scorn, a London farce awoke
The anger that so dimly and in such dark music spoke.

Then take it to thyself and bind the stately buskin on,
Walk in the large and purple light of ages dead and gone.

A holier presence guard thy steps, an antique air impart
The force of classic beauty to the movements of thine art.

Contive no tricks to charm the pit, nor bend thy face to win
The raptures of a groundling and the suffrage of his grin.

Behind the scenes, as on the stage, forswear all trivial things,
And move as one whose heart believes the noble lines he sings.

Let gorgeous shapes of tragedy pass on at thy command,
And leave the Phrygian flutes to thrill the uplands of the Strand.

THE *Boston Sunday Times* (U.S.A.) tells us that Mrs. Agnes Boucicault is going to America, not only to play at the Grand Opera House, but also to enact a part in a lawsuit against her husband to recover the rents on 60,000 dols. of real estate in Chicago, and a house in Union-square, which are her property. By the terms of the separation it is said her husband was to pay alimony of £600, and it is in default of this that she proposes to sue him.

CURLING (says a contemporary) is a social sport above everything. No man plays for his own score or average, but for his side. On the sides may be the minister and the laird, the baker, the bailie, and the butcher, the shepherd, the farmer, and the gamekeeper. Parish plays against parish, and town against town. People manage to get wonderfully excited as the big stones crash among each other, as the well-placed stone is driven from the mark, or too hard a shot goes clean out of the rink. The players who are not hurling (or curling) can, at all events, smooth the course of the stone with little brooms, and yell at the senseless object in a way which looks like a revival of fetishism. A curling stone will not go swifter or smoother because you shriek at it, nor are the laws of its motion affected by screwing the human body about in an ecstasy of expectation. All the world shouts capers, and goes into a sort of convulsions, in spite of these cold truths of science, so exciting is the game of bowls on the ice. When the sun has gone down red behind the reeds that fringe the loch the players stomp happily through the snow to the inn, and the losers entertain the winners at a simple banquet of "beef and greens," not untempered with toddy. Curling keeps the society of country places alive, more perhaps than skating can do. It is a good, absurd, noisy game for grown-up men to play, and forget breaking banks, bad times, rent day, and New Year's bills. It is rather odd that, in the prevalent interchange and borrowing of sports, curling has remained so shyly north of the Tweed. The following lines on the subject are from the "*Tales from Blackwood*," noticed in another column:—

AYRSHIRE CURLING SONG.

BY THE LATE DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

[MAGA. February 1867.]

Air—"Come under my plaidie."

A NIGHT it was freezan', a' nicht I was sneezan',
"Tak' care," quo' the wyfie, "gudeman, o' yer cough."
A fig for the sneezan'! hurrah for the freezan'!
This day we're to play the Bonspiel on the loch!
Then get up, my auld leddy, the breakfast get ready,
For the sun on the snaw-drift's beginning to blink;
Gie me bannocks or brochan, I'm aff for the lochan,
To mak' the stanes flee to the tee o' the rink!

Chorus.

Then hurrah for the curling frae Girvan to Stirling!
Hurrah for the lads o' the besom and stane!—
"Ready noo!" "soop it up!" "clap a guard!" "steady noo!"
Oh! curling aboon every game stan's alane!

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended—
Like a glass ye may glow on't and shave aff yer beard;
And see hoo they gather, coming ower the brown heather,
The servant and master, the tenant and laird!
There's brave Jamie Fairlie, he's there late and early,
Better curlers than him or Tam Conn canna be,
Wi' the lads frae Kilwinning, they'll send the stanes spinnan,
Wi' a whirr and a curv till they sit roun' the tee.
Then hurrah! &c.

It's an uncolike story that baith Whig and Tory
Maun aye collyshangy like dogs ower a bane;
And a' denominations are wantin' in patience
For nae Kirk will thole to let ithers alane;
But in fine frosty weather let a' meet thegither,
Wi' a broom in their haun' and a stane by the tee,
And then by my certes, ye'll see hoo a' parties,
Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree!
Then hurrah! &c.

Curling and golf, we must inform our southern readers who are ignorant of these grand northern sports, are the only public games—unless perhaps we might add bowls—in which the Scotch clergy now indulge, as they have from time immemorial. Some of the best and keenest curlers are furnished by the Kirk, who join in the sport without any thought or question regarding the creed of their fellow-sportsmen. Even their morals, if so-so during summer, would receive as charitable interpretation as possible, if in winter, and on the ice, they proved themselves to be steady, straightforward, genial, and, above all, victorious curlers. There is a story told of an old minister, who, after service, said to his congregation—"My brethren, there's no more harm in saying it than in thinking it; if the frost holds, I'll be on the ice to-morrow morning at nine."

"A POOR SHOEMAKER," writing in our very readable contemporary, the *Chronicle*, tells how he had lived in the top floor of a house near Meeting House Yard about ten years, when the Board of Works posted a notice "to those persons belonging to the labouring classes who might be occupiers either as tenants or lodgers of the premises," that it was the intention of the said Board to take possession of the house on the

expiration of eight weeks, and pull it down. He continues his story as follows:—

"What are we to do?" inquired my wife, as she glanced ruefully round the little apartment we had anticipated passing Christmas so pleasantly in—"What are we to do?"

"Do?" I replied—much more gaily than I felt at heart—"Thank Heaven there is no Board constituted by Act of Parliament at present that can separate man and wife—with the exception, of course, of the Board of Guardians; but so long as we remain independent of those humane gentlemen we shall do very well wherever we go."

"But the children!"

Ah! I had forgotten the children. It appears that the lodging-house keepers of London have grown so loftily independent since the demolition of so much of the property in which the working classes once resided, that they have pronounced a Herod-like interdiction against children, and the cry is—"No one with families need apply!" It has become, consequently, a curse for a dweller in lodgings in this city of enormous house-rents to be fettered with even the best-behaved children that ever breathed; the restrictions, the denials—yea, the insults—which an unlucky parent has often to submit to during his inquiries for apartments being such as to almost exasperate him to massacre his innocents upon the nearest doorstep.

To return to the "Notice to Quit." The consternation which this intimation filled the minds of the dwellers in 'Our Yard,' and the adjacent parts of the doomed neighbourhood, may be better imagined than described. First of all, there was poor old Twist,

the tailor, who lived in a first floor opposite, and who had endeared himself to all the children in the place by his kindness and childish eccentricity. Not a Sunday of that old bachelor's life passed without his cooking an enormous plum-pudding; and this (anticipation regarding which had reigned almost supreme in the minds of the juveniles in the neighbourhood all the previous week) was solemnly cut in junks of a size alarming to behold, and distributed to all kinds of ragged urchins at his doors, at one o'clock prompt. To see the merry twinkle of that old man's eyes as he stood watching the pranks of his *protégés* during the demolition of the pudding was a treat never to be forgotten; and I shall ever remember the unctious with which, on every particular occasion when he saw the last sweet morsel disappear, he used to promise the little ones he would make the pudding next Sunday "bigger—much bigger." Alas! after the notices were posted, no more pudding passed the threshold of his door; and I firmly believe that so acutely did he feel his separation from the little fellows who had almost become "his children," he will never succeed in bringing himself to cook a plum-pudding again!

In another column will be found an advertisement announcing for sale, without reserve, at Aldridge's, on Saturday, Jan. 18, 50 Saplings, bred by Mr. J. H. Salter, of Tolleshunt, Essex. They are the most successful sires at the stud, and from bitches celebrated as winners and dams of winners, and as such should render a good account of themselves hereafter. There are also announced for sale at the same date several well-known performers amongst the running and first season dogs. This is the first and one of the largest annual greyhound sales of the year, and Mr. Salter will, we trust, have, as he deserves, a most successful sale.

FROM Port Washington in the United States comes the romantic story of a very remarkable murder. Men have killed the seducers of their wives, but this is the only instance on record in Ohio where a woman, the mother of seven children, has killed another woman for the seduction of her husband. Mrs. Amy Best, the widow who was killed, was a grandmother. She had started out one evening, ostensibly to visit her grandchildren, and next morning her dead body was found in the edge of the wood, near a fence, her neck broken, and marks of violence on her head. The facts which have been developed show that she was decoyed by Mrs. Stull to the spot by means of a false note signed John Stull, appointing a meeting at a haystack on the farm at seven o'clock in the evening. There the two women met, and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, which lasted until the widow was a lifeless corpse. There was no evidence to fasten the guilt upon Mrs. Stull, and she safely passed a trial before the coroner's jury, but she could not quiet her conscience. Her deed haunted her, until she was driven to an attempt at suicide in the canal. After she had plunged into the water she changed her mind, crawled out, and, to a passing stranger, told the whole story of the crime. She had believed for years that her husband and the widow Best were on terms of improper intimacy, and the suspicion embittered her whole life. She had contemplated murder more than once, but not until she had taken her rival's life did she realise how terrible the deed was. Mrs. Stull is now in prison, with her youngest child, a babe of three months, in her arms, awaiting her trial.

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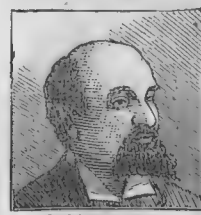
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The following letter has just been received from Signor Urio, the well-known operatic artist.

London, July 29th, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, I beg to state that after using the Eau Malleron some time I have obtained quite a marvellous result. I am certain that through it I shall recover my hair exactly as it was before. I am indeed much obliged to you.

Yours very truly, URIO.

You may show my letter to any inquirer, and do what you think fit with it.

Liverpool, August 9th, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Sir,—Will you kindly send me another pint bottle of Eau Malleron. I enclose 25s. 6d. in P.O.O. I think my hair will come again; in some parts it has grown as long as a tooth-brush, and in places there is only just a thin dozen, and very bare. I have followed your instructions you kindly sent me. I remain, yours truly, E. B.

Bibleton, near Preston, May 27th, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour to hand, I have not used the Eau Malleron for a month. I have been away from home, and my whereabouts uncertain, so did not send for any. My hair is thicker, though I do not follow out the directions perhaps as rigidly as I ought.—Yours sincerely, J. C. S.

Trowbridge, June 17th, 1878.

MONSIEUR LODOIS.—Sir,—I beg to enclose a cheque for one bottle of Eau Malleron, as before, and should be obliged by your sending it early to the above address. Progress as yet, I fancy, is slow, and may after another bottle improve, that I may report to you with entire satisfaction.—I remain, yours, &c., W. S. W.

Trowbridge, Wiltshire, Sept. 30, 1878.

SIR,—Will you be good enough to forward me another bottle of Eau Malleron, to the above address. The last bottle has showed marked progress of growth. I beg to enclose cheque for £1 5s. 6d.—Yours truly, M. Lodois, London.

W. S. W.

Dundee, August 13, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I enclose P.O.O. for 25s. 6d. for a pint bottle of Eau Malleron. I may state that the half-pint which I received from you some time ago has effectually removed the scurf, and the appearance of young hairs is very encouraging.—Yours truly, G. S.

Bath, April 6th, 1878.

J. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d., and will thank you to send me a large bottle of Eau Malleron. My hair has improved wonderfully since I have used this preparation.—Yours, &c., J. F. M.

Barnsley, Sept. 16, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—Please send me another bottle of Eau Malleron, for which I enclose cheque. I am glad to say I have applied the last bottle according to your instructions and find the hair is growing nicely. Please send package, directed as follows.—Yours truly, K. T.

Bury St. Edmunds, Sept. 23, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Sir,—I have been using the Eau Malleron for these last six weeks. After a few applications it arrested the falling off of the hair, and new hair is making its appearance on the top of my head. Will it be necessary to use the Pomade Trichophile? Please write a line in that respect.—Yours truly, W. F.

Bury St. Edmunds, Oct. 20, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Sir,—Received parcel all right on Friday 18th, arrived at the station the day previous. have nearly finished the large bottle of Eau Malleron. My hair is much thicker where the Eau was most used, the crown of the head. I think I shall require a little more to complete the cure. Will send in the course of a week or two.—I am, Sir, yours, W. F.

(From a Hairdresser.)

Horncastle, Sept. 9, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I have just had a gentleman having his hair cut who is at the present time using your preparation, and I was so thoroughly convinced of the good the Eau Malleron has done his hair that I at once determined to get the agency, if you have not already appointed one in Lincolnshire. I have no doubt I shall be able to get rid of a good lot of the preparation when its virtue gets more widely known.—Yours obediently, ALF. C.

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Jun., 148, Strand, London.—SATURDAY, Jan. 11, 1879.

On the day on which she entered the Château Saint-Roch she had vowed she would bury this silent love deep in the recesses of her heart, and she had kept her word.

But now it suddenly broke forth, more powerful than ever, till it well-nigh crushed her. What had become of him? When he had heard that she was going to marry the Count he had written her a letter in which he overwhelmed her with reproaches. Later he also had married, and the two lovers who had once hoped to pursue their way through life leaning one upon the other, now went each their own way.

For long hours the young wife struggled in the solitude of her chamber against these phantoms of the past. But like a brave, loyal woman she renewed her vow to devote herself to her husband.

She needed all her courage, for she had long since discovered that this brilliant man of the world was not only vain and cold-hearted, but incapable of any thought not suggested by others. Fortunately a cradle standing by her bedside made the task somewhat easier. She had a daughter, Gabrielle, and upon her baby head she built a thousand castles in the air. From that moment she roused herself from the languor to which she had given way for nearly two years, and set to work to study the Count with that amazing sagacity which a high-minded woman can exercise. A remark made by her husband cast a new light upon her fate. One morning, after breakfast, he said,—

"Ah! Nancy was very fond of you." The day before she died she made me promise to marry you."

Nancy was the Count's former housekeeper.

This awkward speech pointed out to the poor Countess clearly enough what position that woman had really held in the *château*. She understood how, modestly keeping in the background, she had been, so to speak, the intellect and the will of her master. Her influence over him had survived her, and she had been obeyed, even in the grave.

Although cruelly humiliated by this confession of her husband's, the Countess had sufficient self-control not to blame him for his weakness.

"Be it so," she said to herself; "for his happiness and for our peace, I will stoop to play the part Nancy played."

This was more easily said than done, for the Count, like all weak men, dreaded nothing so much as what he called an insult to his authority. He was so sensitive on this point, that his wife had only to show the shadow of a purpose of her own and he instantly opposed it.

The Countess was anxious to leave the country. It recalled to her too many painful memories. The Count, on the other hand, hated large cities, and the mere idea of leaving his *château*, where everything was arranged to suit his habits, enraged him. Therefore when the report arose that he had bought a house in Paris and would shortly establish himself permanently in the capital, it was received with incredulity.

"It was much against the Countess's will," said the Count, quite delighted with her disappointment; "but I insisted on having my own way."

It was relatively easy to bring him to Paris; the real difficulty was to keep him there. His wife foresaw that he would miss his country occupations, and she sought an object that would supply their place. Before leaving home she had dropped into his mind the seed of that passion which, in a man of fifty, can take the place of all others—ambition. Thus he came to Paris with the secret hope of becoming a leader in politics and making his mark in some affair of state. The Countess, however, determined first to examine the condition of things so as to be able to warn him in time. She spent a whole winter making her observations.

The world, seeing her sit modestly by her fireside, thought she was wholly occupied with her pretty little daughter Gabrielle, who was always playing or reading at her side. But she was all the time listening, and trying with all her mental powers to understand the great questions of the day. She studied characters, watched the passions of some, discovered the tricks of others, ever anxious to discover what enemies she would have to fear and what allies to conciliate. Fortunately her apprenticeship was short, thanks to her vigorous intellect, and she soon reaped the fruit of her labours. The next winter the Count, who had so far kept aloof from politics, spoke in public, and made a good impression. He advised others, and they were struck by his sagacity. His friends encouraged him to become the leader of his party, and he worked day and night to achieve that end.

"Unfortunately I have to pay for it at home," he said to his intimate friends, "for my wife is one of those timid women who cannot understand that men are made for the excitement of public life. If I had listened to her, I should be in the provinces still."

The Countess enjoyed her work in quiet delight. The greater the success of her husband in the world the prouder she became of her own usefulness to him. She felt she owed him the title name she bore, and a large fortune, but in return she had given him a position of eminence. She had made him happy in the only way such a man could be made happy—by gratifying his vanity.

Thus she struggled on alone, when one afternoon a servant announced that a young naval officer desired to see her. She took the card and read—

"PAUL DE NAJAC."

It was Paul, brother to Félix de Najac, her first love. Pale as death, the Countess turned as if to escape.

"What must I say?" asked the astonished servant.

"Show him up," she replied in a scarcely audible voice.

In a few moments there stood before her a young man about two and twenty, with a frank face and bright eyes, beaming with intelligence and energy. The Countess pointed to a chair; she could not have spoken to have saved her child's life. He noticed her embarrassment but was far from suspecting the cause.

Félix had never mentioned Pauline's name in his father's house. So he sat down and explained his visit.

As soon as he had graduated at the Naval Academy, he had received an appointment as midshipman on board the *Formidable*. A younger man had recently been wrongly promoted over him, and he had obtained leave of absence to appeal to the secretary of the navy. He felt sure of the justice of his claim, but he also knew that good interest never impedes a cause. In fact, he hoped that Count Saint-Roch, of whose great influence he had heard, would consent to endorse his claims.

Listening to him, the Countess gradually recovered her calmness.

"My husband will be happy to serve a neighbour," she replied, "and if you will dine with us he will answer for himself."

Paul accepted. At dinner he sat next Gabrielle, who was then just fifteen, and seeing these two young people side by side, the Countess was suddenly struck with an idea which seemed to her nothing less than an inspiration. Why might she not intrust the future happiness of her daughter to the brother of the poor man who had loved her so dearly? Thus she might make some amends for her own past conduct. So it came about, only a fortnight later, that Count Saint-Roch said to one of his intimate friends, pointing out Paul,—

"That young De Najac is a very remarkable young man; he has a great future before him. One of these days when he is a lieutenant, if it should happen that he liked Gabrielle, and asked

me for my consent, I should not say no. The Countess may think what she chooses; I am master."

After that time Paul became a constant visitor at the house in the Avenue Josephine. He had not only obtained ample satisfaction at headquarters, but, by powerful influence he had been temporarily assigned to duty in the bureau of the navy department, with the promise of a better position in active service.

"If only they were a few years older!" thought the Countess. The poor lady had for some time been oppressed by sad presentiments. She felt as if she should not live long, and she trembled at the idea of leaving her child without any other protector but the Count.

One night, after returning from a grand ball, she was seized with a sudden giddiness. She did not regard it as serious, and sent for a cup of tea. She was standing before the fireplace when it came, but, instead of taking it, she suddenly raised her hand to her throat, uttered a piercing cry, and fell back. The Countess Saint-Roch had died from disease of the heart.

CHAPTER III.

GABRIELLE, roused by the confusion in the house, and suspecting that some accident had happened, had rushed at once into her mother's room. There she heard the doctors utter the fatal words, "All is over!"

"My mother is not dead! Oh, no, she cannot be dead! She has fainted!" exclaimed Gabrielle; and she went from one doctor to the other, beseeching them to find some means to restore her. They attempted to lead her from the chamber of death, but she clung to the bed and vowed they should tear her to pieces sooner than separate her from her mother.

At last, however, the truth broke upon her. She sank down upon her knees by the side of the bed, hiding her face, and repeating with fierce sobs, "My mother, my darling mother!" Two days after the funeral took place. Gabrielle wept and prayed in her chamber.

Late in the day the Count and Gabrielle sat down to table alone for the first time in their lives; but they did not eat a morsel. How could they, seeing before them the empty seat once occupied by her who was the life of the house, and now never to be filled again? But there was another true heart, far from that house, which had been sorely wounded by the death of the Countess. Paul had loved her like a mother, and in his heart a voice warned him that in losing her he had well-nigh lost Gabrielle.

He had called several times at the house of mourning, but it was only a fortnight later that he was admitted. When Gabrielle saw him she felt a regret that she had not received him before. He had apparently suffered as much as she: he looked pale, and his eyes wore a distressed air. They remained seated for some time, without exchanging a syllable, feeling instinctively that their common grief bound them together more firmly than ever. The Count, in the meantime, walked up and down the room. There was a strange want of steadiness in his movements: he looked almost like a paralytic, whose crutches had suddenly broken down. Was he conscious of the immense loss which he had sustained? His vanity was too great to render that very probable.

"I shall master my grief as soon as I go back to work," he said.

He resumed his duties as a politician at a time when they had become unusually difficult, and when great things were expected of him. Two or three ridiculous political blunders ruined him for ever. He lost his reputation as a statesman and with it his influence.

As yet, however, no one suspected the truth. They attributed the sudden failure of his faculties to the great sorrow that had befallen him in the death of his wife. Gabrielle was as much misled as the others, and perhaps even more. She loved him all the more dearly as she watched the apparent effect of his incurable grief.

He was really deeply grieved, but only by his fall. At first he had thought of going back to the country, but gradually as day followed day, and weeks grew into months, his wounded vanity began to heal, he forgot his misfortunes, and adopted new habits of life.

He was a great deal at his club now, rode much on horseback, went to the theatres, and dined with his friends. Gabrielle was delighted, for she had at one time begun to be seriously concerned for her father's health. But when she saw him lay aside his mourning, and exchange his simple costumes suitable to his age for the most extravagant fashions of the day, and when one morning the Count, who was quite grey, appeared at breakfast with jet black beard and hair, Gabrielle was not a little amazed.

Evidently something strange had occurred.

Gradually he drifted away from his old friends and seemed to prefer the society of very curious people. Numbers of young men called in the morning, smoking cigarettes and asking for brandy or absinthe. In the afternoon another set made their appearance—vulgar men with huge whiskers and enormous watch-chains, who were closeted with the Count, and whose loud discussions could be heard all over the house.

What did it all mean? The Count undertook to enlighten his daughter. He told her that having been ill-treated in politics, he intended to devote himself henceforth to finance, and hoped to realise an immense fortune, while at the same time rendering great service to certain branches of industry.

Gabrielle asked him timidly why he wanted more money.

He laughed, patted her cheek, and said:—

"Ah! you would like to rule your papa, would you?"

Then he added, more seriously,—

"Am I so old, *petite*, that I ought to go into retirement? Have you gone over to my enemies?"

"Oh, papa!"

"Well, my child, then you ought to know that a man like me cannot condemn himself to inactivity. I do not want more money, but I require a field for my energy."

This was so reasonable a reply that both Gabrielle and Paul felt reassured. Both had been taught by the Countess to look upon her husband as a man of genius; they felt he had only to undertake a thing and he was sure to succeed. Besides, Paul hoped that graver matters would prevent the Count playing the fashionable young man. But it seemed as if nothing could turn him from this folly; he became daily younger and faster. He always appeared with a camellia or rosebud in his button-hole; and not only dyed his hair, but actually began to rouge.

At times he would sit for hours in an arm-chair, his brow knit and his thoughts apparently on some grave question. If he were spoken to he started like a criminal; he seemed not to eat anything, and his daughter repeatedly found him with tears in his eyes. These attacks of melancholy would be followed by sudden outbursts of joy, when he would sing and almost dance with delight.

Now and then a *commissionaire* (it was always the same man) came and brought him a letter. The Count would snatch it from his hands, throw him a gold piece, and then shut himself up in his study.

At last, one evening after dinner, when he had drunk more than usual, perhaps to gain courage, he drew his daughter on his knee, and said in his softest voice,—

"Confess, my dear child, that in your heart you have more than once called me a very bad father. I dare say you blame me for leaving you so constantly alone here in this great house."

"I am never weary, papa," replied Gabrielle.

The Count smiled, but it was a forced smile.

"Never mind," he broke in; "such a life cannot go on. A girl of your age needs someone to advise her, to caress her. That is why I have been thinking of giving you another mother."

Gabrielle drew back her arm, which she had wound round her father's neck, and, rising suddenly, she said,—

"You think of marrying again?"

He turned his head aside, hesitated a moment, and then replied, "Yes."

At first the poor child could not utter a word, so great was her indignation and grief; then she made an effort, and said in a pained voice,—

"Do you really mean it, papa? What! you would bring another wife to this house, which is still alive with the voice of her whom we have lost? Perhaps you would even want me to call her mamma? Oh, dear papa! surely you do not think of such profanation!"

The Count's trouble was pitiful to behold. And yet if Gabrielle had been less excited she would have read in his eye that his mind was made up.

"What I mean to do is done in your behalf, my dear child," he stammered out at last. "I am old; I may die; we have no near relations; what would become of you without a friend?"

She blushed crimson, but she said timidly,—

"But, papa, there is M. Paul de Najac."

The Count's eyes shone with delight as he saw that she was falling into the snare. The poor girl went on: "I thought—I had hoped—poor mamma had told me—in fact, since you allowed M. Paul to come here—"

"You thought I intended to make him my son-in-law?"

She made no answer.

"That was, in fact, the idea your mother had. But a sailor is a sorry kind of husband, my dear child; a word from headquarters may part him from his wife for years."

Gabrielle remained silent. She began to understand the nature of the bargain her father was proposing to her, and it made her indignant.

He thought he had said enough for the first time, and left her with these words—

"Consider, my child; for my part I will also think of it."

What should she do? Finding herself alone she took a pen, and for the first time in her life she wrote to Paul:—

"I must speak to you *instantly*. Pray come.—GABRIELLE."

She gave the letter to a servant, and then waited in a state of feverish anxiety counting the minutes.

Paul de Najac occupied three rooms, looking upon the gardens of an adjoining mansion. There he spent almost all the time which was not occupied by his official duties. A walk with his friend, Eugène Noriac, a visit to the theatre, and two or three calls a week at Count Saint-Roch's house, were his sole amusements.

He was busy in his study when the Count's servant brought him Gabrielle's letter. Paul knew that something extraordinary must have happened to induce Gabrielle to abandon her usual reserve and write to him in such urgent terms.

"The Count is not ill?" he asked the servant.

"No, Monsieur."

"And Mademoiselle Gabrielle?"

"My mistress is perfectly well."

Paul breathed more freely.

"Tell Mademoiselle I am coming at once."

A moment later he was out of the house. As he walked rapidly up the street in which the Count lived, he thought, "Perhaps I am needlessly alarmed," but he was beset with dark presentiments, and felt worse than ever when he saw Gabrielle sitting by the fire, deadly pale, with her eyes red with weeping.

"What is the matter?" he cried, without waiting for the door to be closed behind him. "What has happened?"

"Something terrible. My father is going to marry again."

"Ah! that explains everything!"

Gabrielle interrupted him, and making a great effort, repeated almost literally, her conversation with her father. When she had ended, Paul said,—

"You have guessed right, *Mdlle*. Gabrielle, your father evidently wishes you to understand that, if you would consent to his marriage, he —" Afraid to continue, he hesitated; but Gabrielle said boldly,—

"He would consent to our's, you mean?"

"I think you should consent," he stammered out.

She rose, trembling with indignation, and replied,—

"Never!"

Paul was overcome by this sudden shock. He saw all his hopes crushed by this "never!" But he mastered his grief, and said, almost in a calm voice,—

"Let me explain why I advise it. Believe me, your father does not require your consent at all. You cannot do without his consent; but he can marry without asking yours. What your father desires is the certainty that his new wife will be kindly received; but if you refuse he will go on without heeding your objections."

Paul's reasoning was so sensible, and he pleaded with so much eagerness, that Gabrielle's resolution was evidently shaken.

"You want me to yield?" she asked.

"I beseech you to do so!"

She shook her head sadly, and said in a tone of utter dejection,—

"Very well. It shall be done as you wish it. I will not object to this profanation. But you may be sure this weakness will do us no good."

It struck ten. She rose, offered her hand to Paul, and said,—

"I will see you to-morrow evening. By that time I shall know the name of the woman my father is going to marry, for I shall ask him who she is."

Next morning the Count's first words were,—

"Well, have you thought it over?"

"Father," she replied in a tone of resignation, "you are master here. I should not tell you the truth if I said I was not going to suffer cruelly at the idea of a stranger coming here to —. But I shall receive her with all due respect."

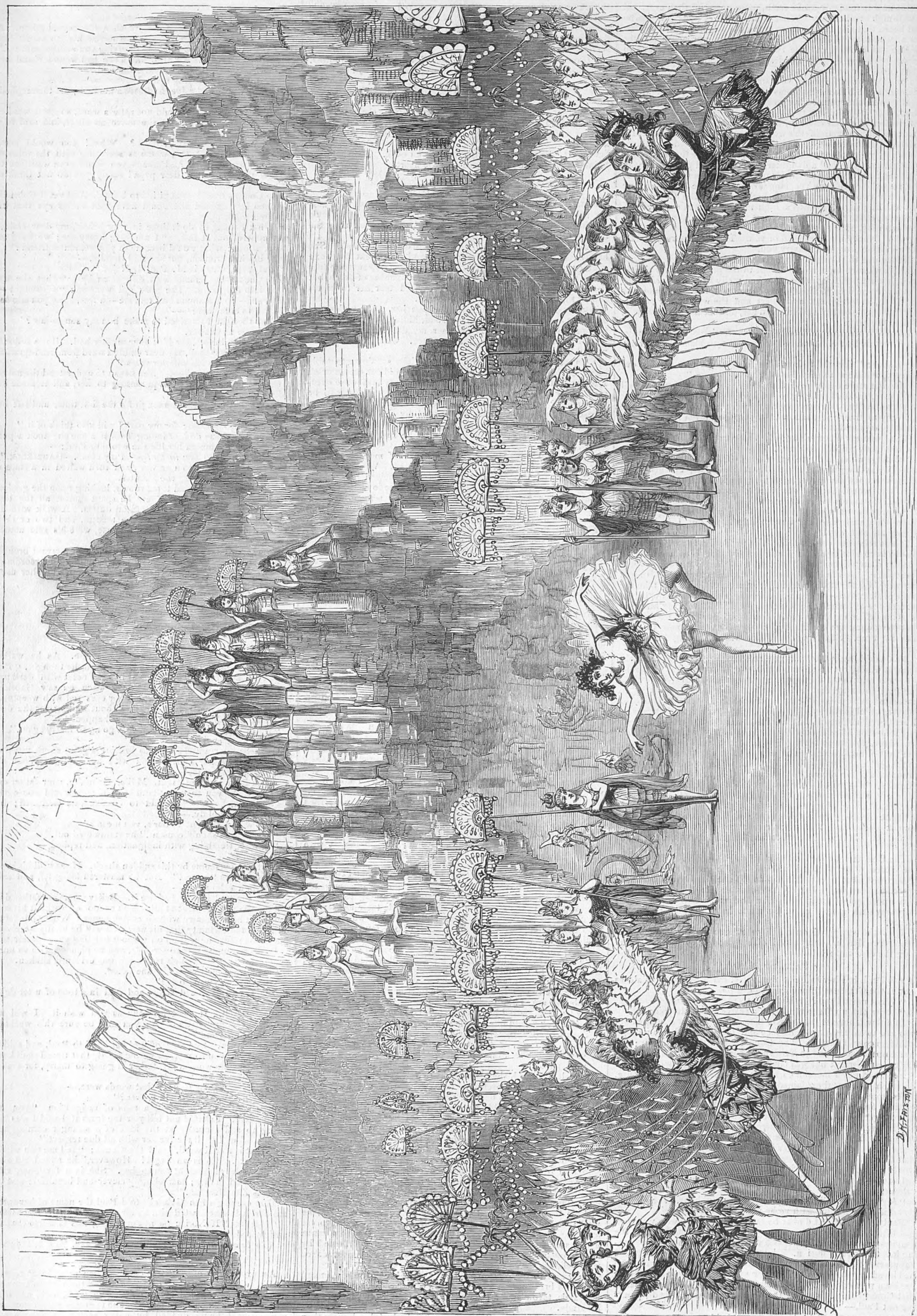
"That is a cold word," said the Count; "tell me you will be affectionate. She is an angel! However," he added, "I shall ask her to let me present you to her. She is a foreigner, rich, and of good family; marvellously clever and beautiful; and her name is Zita Denman."

That evening when Gabrielle told Paul the name of her future mother-in-law he started with an air of utter despair, and said,—

"Heavens! If Noriac be not mistaken, this is worse than we anticipated."

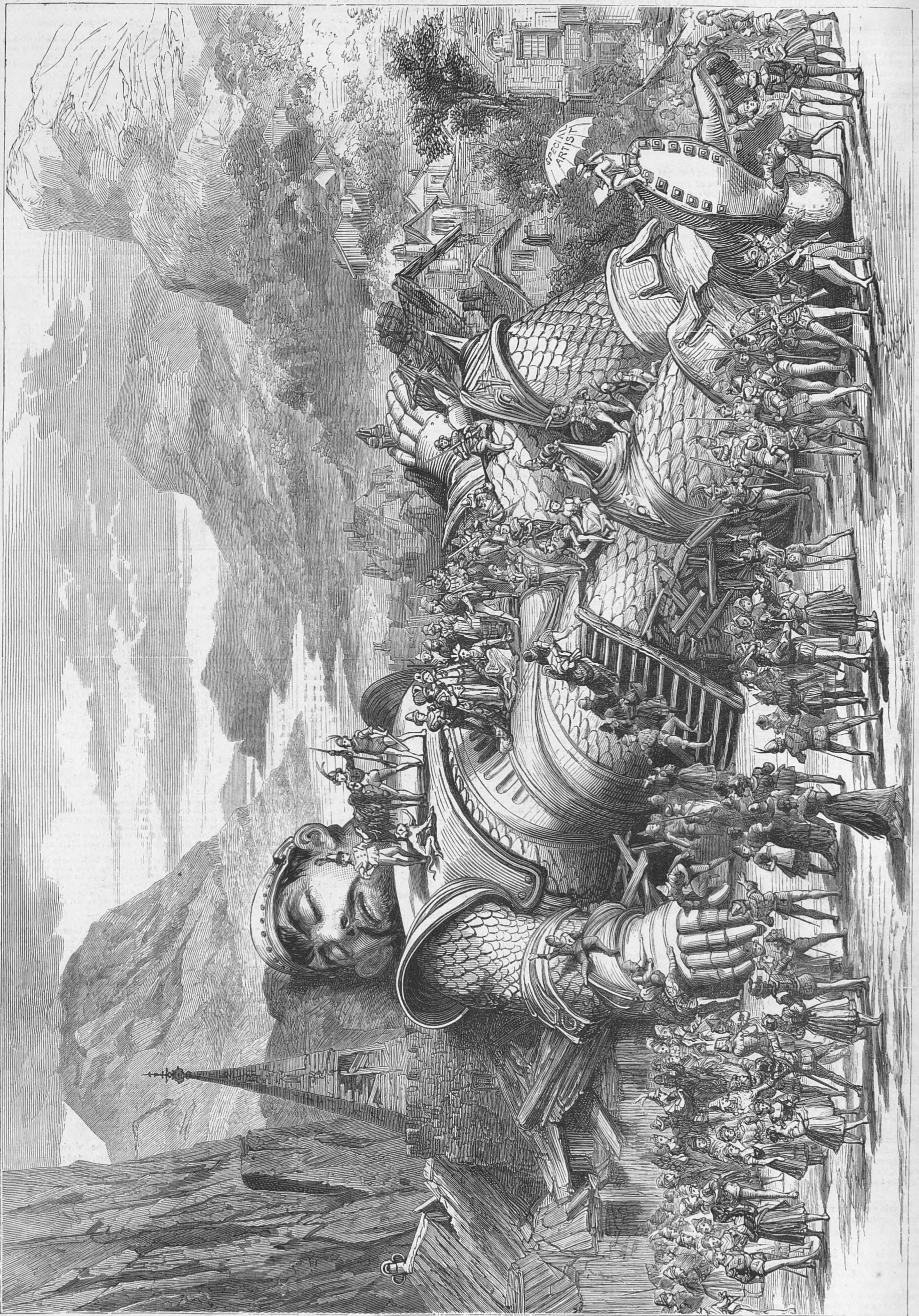
(To be continued. Commenced in No. 258, Jan. 4, 1879.)

AN experiment of some interest has taken place in Porchester Creek. On one side of an old vessel called the *Oberon* two compartments were formed about 14ft. long and 6ft. high, and filled with coal, one being loose material and the other patent fuel, each compartment being divided by boiler plates. Six shells were fired at the ship's side from a $\frac{1}{4}$ ton gun, at a distance of 100 yards without one of them penetrating the coal armour.



SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "CINDERELLA," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

D. H. FRANKLIN



SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

VETERINARIAN.

No. 6.—THE DETECTION OF LAMENESS IN HORSES.

SIDE-BONES.

SIDE-BONES occur on the top of the hoof of the fore foot at the back. It is a natural structure called the lateral cartilages which has become converted from yielding cartilage to unyielding bone. They mostly occur on the fore feet of heavy draught horses, but these cartilages may be very strong in lighter breeds without causing lameness. If these structures are at the time the examination is made really cartilage, and not bone, they will yield to pressure perceptibly.

Signs. Profound lameness in both the walk and the trot. Try the strength of the cartilages as above indicated. Practice feeling them in sound horses.

We now pass to the hind extremity.

THE HIP.

The hip may cause lameness from two distinct forms of disease. 1. The joint may be affected. 2. The tendon of the large rump muscles may be sprained. Lameness from disease of the hip joint is very rare, indeed, and well nigh incurable. Thesecond form of lameness is common in cart-horses used for shafting, and arises when the hind feet are advanced far under the body either in severe shafting down hill or in any horse from slipping into this posture. The tendon is injured at that bony prominence on the outer side of the quarters near the root of the tail on the top of the thigh bone. When fresh it is swollen, and can be detected when standing square behind the horse and laying a hand on either prominence at the same time and so comparing the two.

Signs. The horse steps short on the affected limb and drops at the quarters. The quarter seems stiff and moves less during a trot.

STIFLE JOINT.

This joint is the largest in the body, and corresponds to our knee. It is less often the seat of lameness than the older farriers—not veterinarians—would have us believe. The farriers, in days gone by, frequently blamed this joint.

Signs. There are no signs of value. The most reliable are—1. The horse stands with the joint elevated towards the flank. 2. The shape of the joint is altered and enlarged, and should be compared with its fellow. When the form of the joint is unaltered and nothing to be seen or felt, the chances are almost infinity to one against the joint being at fault.

THE TIBIA.

This bone stretches from the stifle (our knee) to the hock, (our ankle) and in ourselves is known as our "shins." In both cases the inner surface is only covered by skin from top to bottom. When a horse stands far back in his stall he sometimes receives a kick from the horse in the stall adjoining upon the surface of this bone on its inner unprotected aspect.

Signs. The horse is very lame and drops in trotting, whilst nothing is to be seen or felt save a slight bruise or scratch over which the parts are feely when pressed upon. It is a most dangerous form of lameness.

THE HOCK.

The hock—as we have repeatedly remarked—is most frequently the seat of lameness in the hind extremities.

Its four principal ailments are Bone Spavin, Bog or Blood Spavin, Curb and Thoro-pin or Through-pin.

BONE SPAVIN.

This can nearly always be seen and felt. It occurs at the bottom of the hock, in front and to its inner side. It is in this situation only that lames a horse. When situated further back it never produces lameness, but gives rise to what is termed a "coarse" hock.

Signs. The horse wears the toe of his shoe unduly, and in trotting carries his toe nearer the ground than is the case with the sound toe. This latter peculiarity is well seen on a metalled road on a dark night when every now and then the toe of the spavined legs strikes sparks by hitting the road metal. Lameness commonly so-called ought not to be relied on, as some spavined horses go quite sound when they have got warmed to work.

BOG SPAVIN.

This can always be seen. When a horse is lame in the hock and has a bog spavin, after a night's rest the surface of the bog will still be quite hot. When this is not so we should be careful how we fix the blame on the bog spavin, as they do not often cause lameness except under continued hard work.

CURB.

Curbs never cause lameness unless when first "sprung." By first sprung we mean both when they are first formed, also when after being formed and settling down they are again sprained or sprung. A horse having an old curb on a well-formed hock forming part of a straight hind leg seldom re-springs it, and therefore if not technically sound he is at least practically so.

Signs. The curb can be seen, and can be felt, large, hot and tender.

THORO-PIN.

A thoro-pin to lame a horse must exist with a large bog spavin of which it forms the tail-end as it were.

Signs. It is hot and painful, and when pressed decreases, whilst the bog spavin is seen to increase and become more tense.

CAPPED HOCK.

The point of the hock when newly capped by kicking or otherwise gives rise to lameness.

Signs. The enlargement is hot and tender, and will hardly be overlooked.

BACK TENDONS.

The same may be said of these as was said in the case of the back tendons of the fore-leg.

RING-BONE.

This affection occurs much oftener upon the hind than upon the fore pasterns, and is readily found when lameness attracts attention to the hind limb. The pasterns are not only enlarged, but the ring or circular character of the enlargement is observable.

Caution. The pasterns are sometimes very coarse at the sides, and present to the feel bony prominences when no ring-bone exists, therefore nothing short of a circular enlargement should lead us to declare the presence of a ring-bone.

THE TRUNK.

Having quickly reviewed the signs of lameness in the fore and hind extremities, we now come to the trunk or body of the horse, and find

INJURED BACK.

This is a grave form of lameness from which a horse may never recover sufficiently to be worth the price of his hide. It has two forms. 1. Injury to some part of the back bone, always some part of the loins. 2. Injury to the psoæ muscles or the muscles which stretch lengthwise under the loins. When these injuries occur they arise from a severe wrench, as in leaping a wide stream and landing with the fore feet on the opposite bank with the hind feet stretched back into the stream. Or again in slipping with

both hind feet far under the body, as sometimes happens on ice or on a greasy surface.

Signs. For an injured back a sure test is to stand twenty yards behind the horse and have him backed briskly towards us. We notice the uncertain "wobble" or "wagging" of the hind quarters. Second, turn the horse quickly round on the same ground on which he is at the time standing. If injured in the back he cannot turn round nicely without *plaiting* his hind feet and getting them in each other's way.

CONCLUSION.

We have briefly gone over the most frequent sources of lameness. In doing so we have aimed at being practical and to the point, and have avoided argument. It will have been noticed that we have omitted endless symptoms in order to be practically useful. On the other hand it will be noticed that we have given the recognised and undisputed tests which practical veterinarians hold as sufficient.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

THE ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

DEAR SIR,—While thanking you for your kind notice (in your issue of the 28th inst.) of the dinner of No. II. Battery, which I have the honour to command, I regret very much the mistake made by your representative in stating it to have been a "dinner given to No. II. Battery." The fact is that it was the annual dinner of the Battery, to which had been invited Lord Ashley (the commanding officer of the Brigade), Captain Nepean, R.N. (our officer instructor), Lieut. Bell, R.N. (late H.M.S. Slaney), and other officers and gentlemen as the guests of the Battery. Having received many expressions of regret from members of my Battery that your notice should have unintentionally misstated the facts, I shall be glad if you will kindly correct the error in your next issue, and oblige, yours faithfully,

EDWIN PLAYER

(Sub.-Lieut., commanding No. II. Battery, R.N.A.V.).
December 31, 1878.

"LOVING CUP."

SIR,—"Matt Stretch" is still "out of it." The *Noble Cavalier*, in his present position, has no business to touch the cover. His *civic neighbour* should have removed it, bowing the while, and should then have replaced it, receiving the cup at the same moment, and turning to his next neighbour to raise the cover for him. "Matt Stretch" is unapproachable in his line, but he has yet to serve his apprenticeship to the noble art and mystery of the "LOVING CUP."

BEARING REINS.

SIR,—No one answered "X. Y. Z.'s" first communication, so he writes to say that the lighter breed of the London cab horse may account for the difference in the size of his neck and crest in comparison with the carriage horse properly so called. I do not think the great difference observable can be accounted for in any other way than the one I pointed out. I venture to say that "those persons" who hold that the muscles of the horse's neck are strengthened by the necessitated action induced by a bearing rein do not forget that most muscles are used by momentary work then a similar period of rest: the work and rest alternating in rhythmic order; neither do they see anything either unnatural or injurious in a group of muscles acting with more or less constancy for some hours at a stretch in doing what to them (in good condition) is light work. I will take "X. Y. Z." at his word, when he says, "such exercise must be of a very unnatural and injurious sort." *Ergo*, all horses wearing bearing reins have those muscles which maintain the head and neck erect injured, but as an injured muscle ceases to perform its work or function, and, being thrown out of work, pines away—therefore horses which are used with bearing reins have pined and wasted crests.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE, "BEARING REINS."
London, December 30, 1878.

SPORT AND MUSIC IN CANADA.

THE past month has been unusually dull in the sporting and athletic line. Aquatics, cricket, and lacrosse have died a lingering death, and football is the only game alive just now. The latter game, however, receives poor encouragement, financially. It is no uncommon thing for clubs, 350 miles apart, to play matches, so your readers can imagine the interest taken in the game by the players. Association rules have taken a strong hold in this country, and out-number Rugby Union Clubs three to one. The Toronto Lacrosse Club held a meeting last night, when the advisability of sending a team to England next summer was discussed. The matter was not settled, but it is likely that a team will go.

As Wallace Ross, the oarsman, intends visiting England, in a professional way, during the coming season, Edward Hanlan offers to row him in that country. We Canadians think that the American champion has got another good thing on with Hawdon.

The Hunt Club had a good run the other day for a valuable cup, presented by the M.F.H., which was won by Mr. J. Mead, on Skylark, over four miles of very stiff country.

Madame Marie Roze, with a company under Mr. H. Mapleson, is making a trip through Canada. She has been so well received that it ought to encourage more celebrated artists to pay a visit to this country. Mr. Sothorn's illness is deeply regretted, all the more so as we will be obliged to forego the pleasure of seeing him this season.

WAD.

COLONEL MAPLESON, says a New York paper, some time since perfected arrangements for his tour of the Eastern and Western cities with the agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad to furnish a Pullman palace-car train for the transportation of his company of 240 members on their tour. Stanley M'Kenna, business manager at the Academy, says:—"By the contract Colonel Mapleson pays 15,000 dols. for the entire trip. Colonel Mapleson's palace-car will bear the words, 'Her Majesty's Opera Company. Colonel Mapleson's special car.' The car of the three leading singers will be decorated with the portraits of Gerster, Hawk, and Marie Roze. Ten members of the New York press will be invited to make the excursion, and offered berths in a third palace car. The ballet will have a car to itself. There is to be a kitchen and a dining car. Mr. Gilson, of the Westminster, sends along a corps of cooks and waiters. Immediately after the *matinée* on December 28th the property men will pack up, and the next morning the company will be in Boston for breakfast. From Boston the train will run through to Chicago, then to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and then back to New York, for a second regular season, beginning in February. Mr. Gilson was to give a dinner to Colonel Mapleson at the Westminster on Christmas Eve. There were expected to be present, among the guests, Mayor Ely, Mayor-elect Cooper, Gerster, Madame Roze, Henry Mapleson, Minnie Hawk, Campanini, Richard Grant White, Daniel Kingsland, Dion Boucicault, and Leonard Jerome.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T. (Christchurch).—We are sorry for the delay; your problem will appear in our next issue.
A. P.—Problem and letter received. Thanks for your criticisms.
J. S.—The game, as soon as possible.
A. G.—An expression of opinion respecting the relative merits of the best players, pronounced even by the greatest master, is worth nothing (except contempt) if the said master be not sincere and unprejudiced.
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 215 by J. G., R. L., Tyro, and Juvenis are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 214.

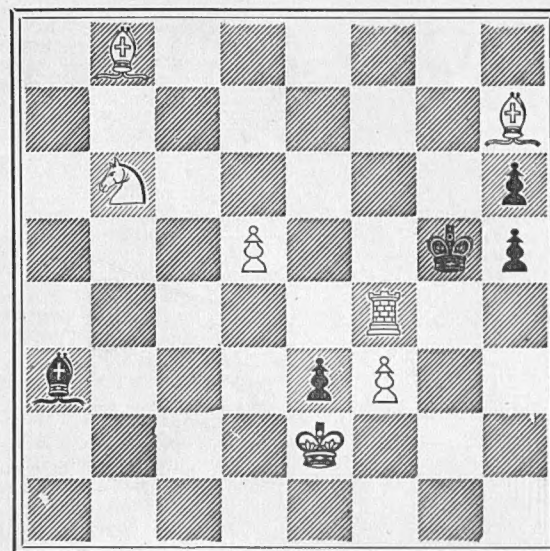
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K B 4	Kt moves (a)
2. Q to K 3 (mate).	(a) if 1. P takes R (b)
	(b) 1. B takes Kt (c)
2. Q to K R 8 (mate).	(c) 1. P to Kt 5
2. Q to Q 7 (mate).	
2. Kt to Kt 5 (mate).	

PROBLEM No. 216.

By A. CYRIL PEARSON.

[From his collection of 100 Problems to be published in a few days by the Civil Service Company, 8, Salisbury-court, E.C. Mr. Pearson has been known for the last two or three years as a composer of light but very elegant problems; and we understand that the soundness of those included in his collection is guaranteed by the most competent authorities.]

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An instructive game played recently at Simpson's Divan, between the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw and Mr. S. Boden, one of the strongest European players:—

[The Two Knights' Opening.]

WHITE. (Mr. Earnshaw)	BLACK. (Mr. Boden)	WHITE. (Mr. Earnshaw)	BLACK. (Mr. Boden)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	18. K R to K sq	Q to Kt 2
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	19. K to R sq	P to Q 4
3. Kt to B 3	B takes P (a)	20. B to B 5	K R to K sq
4. P to Q 4	P takes P	21. R takes R (c)	R takes R
5. Kt takes P	P to Q 3	22. B to B 2 (f)	P to K R 4
6. B to Q Kt 5	B to Q 2	23. R to K sq	R takes R
7. Kt takes Kt (b)	P takes Kt	24. B takes K	Kt to Q 5
8. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	25. Q to Kt 3	B to B 4
9. Castles	Castles	26. Q to B 2	Kt takes B
10. B to B 4	Kt to K sq	27. K P takes Kt	B to Q 5
11. B to Kt 3	P to Kt 3 (c)	28. Q to Q 2	B takes Kt
12. P to B 4	P to K B 4	29. Q takes B	Q takes Q
13. B to Kt 3 (ch)	K to R sq	30. B takes Q (ch)	K to Kt sq
14. Q to B 3	Kt to Kt 2	31. B to K 5	B takes B P
15. B to B 2	B to B 3	32. P to Q Kt 4	K to B 2
16. Q R to Q sq	Q to K 2	33. B takes B P, and the game was drawn.	
17. P takes P	Kt takes P (d)		

(a) A safe and even good move, that prevents White from obtaining any of the well-known forms of attack that belong to this opening.
(b) This loses a move; it ought to have taken with the B.
(c) To enable him to post the Kt at Kt 2.
(d) Better than taking with the B, as it provides a place, the Kt 2 square, which the Q can occupy with safety to herself, and advantage to her Royal Consort.
(e) The slight superiority of position gained by White in the opening has quite melted away. Perhaps B to R 4 would have been better than the move he here made. When he exchanged Rooks, he evidently intended to capture the R P, but discerning the crushing reply Black could make thereto (P to Q 5), prudently spared the little Pawn's life.
(f) This move evinces considerable judgment on Mr. Earnshaw's part.

A VERY pretty game played some years since between M. Maczuzki, formerly a well-known Divan player, and Herr Kolisch, who won the Chess championship of the world in the Paris Tourney of 1867:—

[Scotch Gambit.]

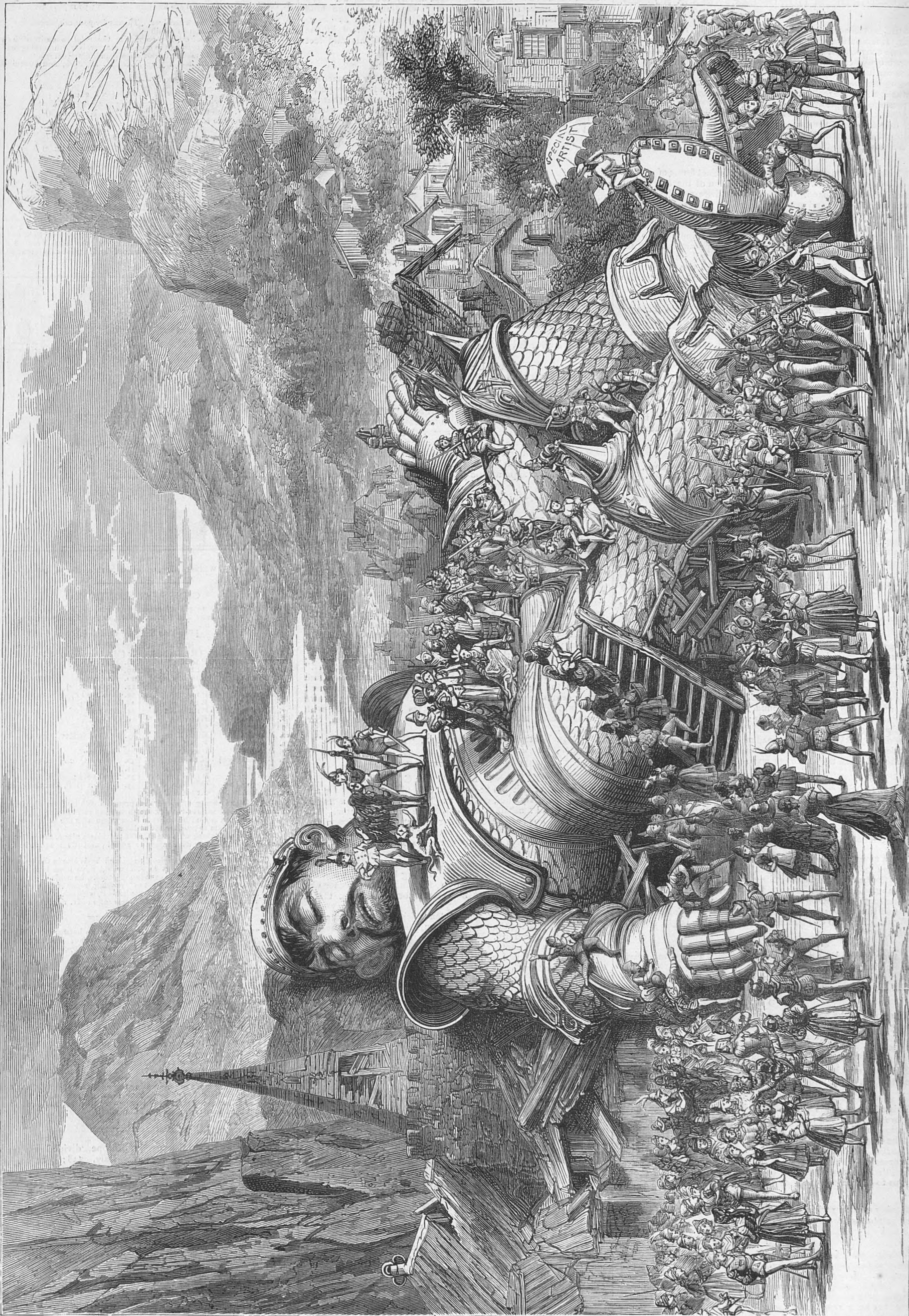
WHITE. (M. Maczuzki)	BLACK. (Herr Kolisch)	WHITE. (M. Maczuzki)	BLACK. (Herr Kolisch)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	9. B takes B	Kt takes K P
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	10. Q to Q 4 (c)	Q to K 2
3. P to Q 4	P takes P	11. Castles	Q to Kt 4 (ch)
4. Kt takes P	Q to R 5	12. P to K B 4	Q takes P (ch)
5. Q Kt to B 3 (a)	B to Kt 5	13. B to Q 2	Q to Kt 5
6. Q to Q 3	Kt to B 3	14. Q to Q 8 (ch) (d)	K takes Q
7. Kt takes Kt	Q P takes Kt	15. B to Kt 5 (dble ch)	K to K sq
8. B to Q 2 (b)	B takes Kt	16. R to Q 8 (mate).	

(a) Kt to Kt 5 is now considered best.
(b) In effect, a very clever mode of defending the K. P.
(c) A defensive and offensive move that gives him at once a decided advantage.
(d) A very pretty mode of terminating the contest. Herr Kolisch seems when he played this game, either to have been ignorant of his opponent's strength, or to have underrated his ingenuity. In a serious encounter his play would have been far more sound and solid.

THERE are 1,542 theatres in Europe, divided as follows amongst the different countries:—Italy, 348; France, 337; Spain, 168; England, 150; Austria, 152; Germany, 191; Russia, 44; Belgium, 34; Holland, 23; Switzerland, 20; Sweden, 10; Norway, 8; Portugal, 16; Denmark, 10; Greece, 4; Turkey, 4; Roumania, 9; Servia, 1; Egypt, 3.

M. ADOLPHE BOTTE, says the *Choir*, announce the approaching publication of a collection of madrigals by the old Italian masters, Palesstina, Marenzio, Scarlatti, &c., arranged by him for piano or organ.

M. PORTO-RICHE is a mighty man in the world of finance, and he has an unfortunate weakness for rhyming. His new piece, *Les Deux Fautes*, played at the Odéon, is the work of a young man ignorant of the art of constructing a piece, but who goes bravely to work with the *insouciance* of youth. It is an inferior piece, and it is to be regretted that the author of *Une Drame sous Philippe II.*, a piece not without merit, should have produced such a mere *bluette* on the boards of the Odéon.



SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.